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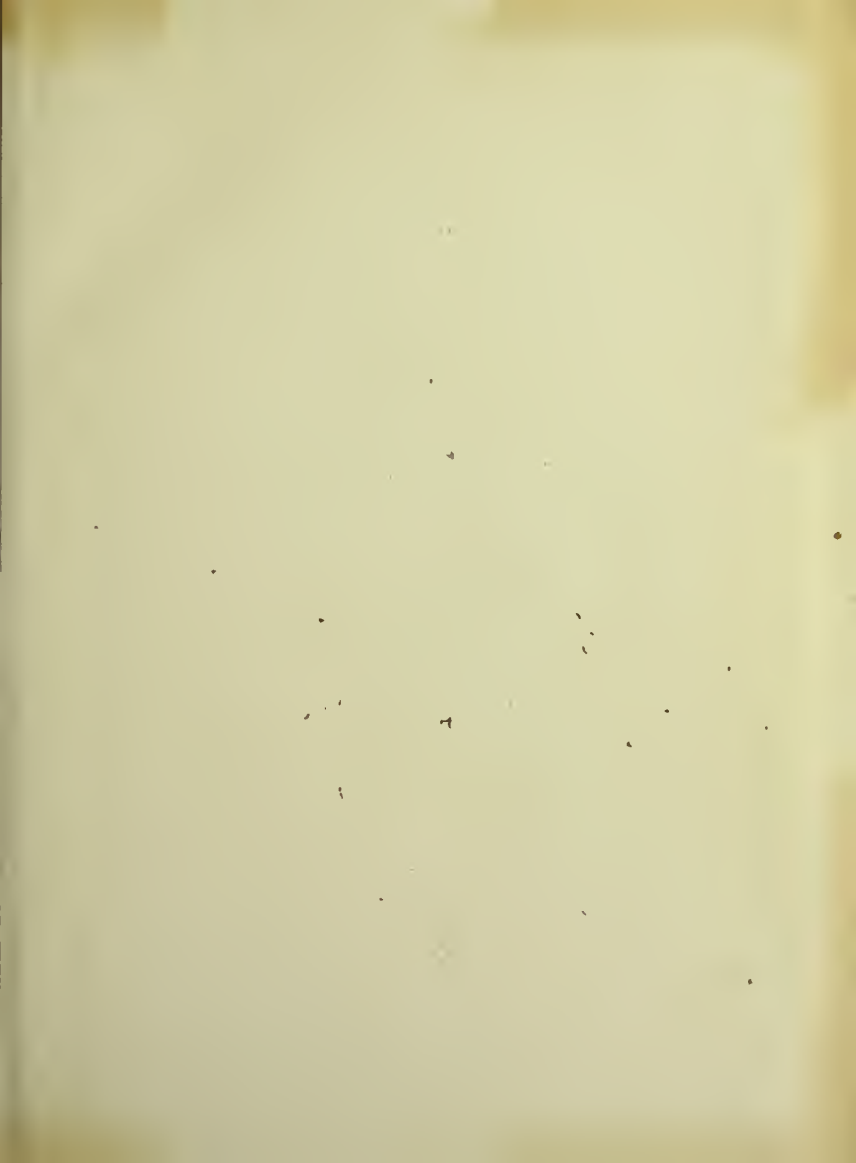
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ROSENBAUM'S
Song Book.

CONTAINING A CHOICE SELECTION OF

Comic, Sentimental and Patriotic

SONGS.

Fifth Edition, Enlarged and Improved.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

San Francisco:
WINTERBURN & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.
No. 417 CLAY STREET.

Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.

J. R. MEAD & CO.

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and for style and finish cannot be ex-
celled.*



 **GIVE US A CALL.**

Corner Sansome and Washington Streets.

Rosenbaum's Bitters Relieve Flatulency.

I WANDERED BY THE BROOKSIDE.

—♦♦♦—
I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still,
There was no sound of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird;
And the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, no, he came not!
The moon came out alone;
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on its golden throne.
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were falling,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew the touch was kind;
It drew me nearer, nearer,
We could not speak a word,
And the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

Rosenbaum's Bitters give tone to the Stomach.

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as the hawk, she as soft as the fawn,
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've treated my heart this many a day,
And 'tis pleased that I am; and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go,
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dreams always go by contraries, my dear;
Oh, jewel! keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
And 'tis pleased that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Oh, Kathleen, my darling, you've teased me enough,
And I've thrashed for your sake, Dinny Grinoes and Jino Duff,
And I've loaded myself, drinking your health, quite a beast,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest!"
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his hand round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

Rosenbaum's Bitters are simple, safe and sure.

THE MIDNIGHT BUGLE.

'Tis night! the sun has sunk to rest
Beneath the western hill,
The stars-like thoughtful eyes look down
And all is calm and still;
The soldier weary with his march,
Lies sleeping on the ground,
But waking from his dreams he hears
The midnight bugle sound.

CHORUS.

Rouse ye, rouse, warriors in your might,
Hark! hear the bugle! hark! hear the bugle!
Hear the sound, 'tis the signal for the fight.

The stillness breaks—the very air
Seems bursting into life,
And warriors brave and prancing steeds
Are marshaling for the strife;
By countless thousands, rushing like
Some wild impetuous wave,
In answer to that warning note,
The midnight bugle sound. (CHORUS.)

The morrow's sun shall light the field
Where friend and foe must fall,
To-morrow's evening stars shall weep
Above the sulphury pall;
While many brave hearts, cold and still,
Lie sleeping on the ground,
Who ne'er again shall wake to hear
The midnight bugle sound. (CHORUS.)

They are exhausted Nature's Great Restorer.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again!
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But O, they love them better far,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

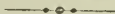
THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.



The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past,
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
The hopes too bright to last.
The world which morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with purer rays;
But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing,
The winter's winds are past, come hither
To welcome back the spring.
The very ivy on the ruin,
In gloom full life displays;
But the heart alone sees no renewing,
The light of other days.

WHAT FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC.



What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
Enrancing the senses with charmed melody?
'Tis the voice of the mermaid that floats o'er the main,
As she mingles her song with the gondolier's strain!

The winds are all hush'd, and the waters at rest,
They sleep like the passions in infancy's breast;
'Till storms shall unchain them from out their dark cave,
And break the repose of the soul and the wave.

They Restore the Debilitated Frame.

If You Want a Good Appetite

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh ! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming,
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh ! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the night,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that, which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream ;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, Oh ! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more ?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave ;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh ! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation ;
Bless'd with victory and peace may the heaven-resened land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"in God is our trust !"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Try Rosenbaum's Celebrated Bitters.

Is your Friend a Martyr to Dyspepsia.

KISS ME QUICK AND GO!

The other night while I was sparking
Sweet Turlina Spray,
The more we whisper'd our love talking,
The more we had to say ;
The old folks and the little folks
We thought were fast in bed—
We heard a footstep on the stairs,
And what d'ye think she said ?

CHORUS.

“ Oh ! kiss me quick and go, my honey,
Kiss me quick and go !
To cheat surprise and prying eyes,
Why kiss me quick and go ! ”

Soon after that I gave my love
A moonlight promenade,
At last we fetch'd up to the door
Just where the old folks stay'd ;
The clock struck twelve, her heart struck two (too),
And peeping over head
We saw a night-cap raise the blind,
And what d'ye think she said ?

Oh ! kiss me quick and go, my honey, &c.

One Sunday night we sat together,
Sighing side by side,
Just like two wilted leaves of cabbage
In the sunshine fried ;
My heart with love was nigh to split,
To ask her for to wed,
Said I : “ Shall I go for the priest ? ”
And what d'ye think she said ?

Oh ! kiss me quick and go, my honey, &c.

Tell Him to Use Rosenbaum's Bitters.

Dr. Rosenbaum's Celebrated Bitters.

WHOEVER IS TROUBLED WITH

**Indigestion,
Constipation,
Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Loss of Appetite,**

*OR ANY OTHER DISEASES OF THE STOMACH AND
BOWELS, SHOULD AT ONCE TRY*

DR. ROSENBAUM'S

CELEBRATED

Stomach Bitters,

AND BE EFFECTUALLY RELIEVED.

THESE BITTERS STAND PRE-EMINENT AS
THE FINEST TONIC IN THE WORLD.

Try them, and you will always use them.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh! a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lonely and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decay'd,
To please his dainty whim,
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old head hath he;
How closely he twineth—how tightly he elings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!
And sily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves.

As he joyously hugs, and crawleth around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled, and works decay'd,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stont old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

They Remove Depression of Spirits.

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

One summer eve, with pensive thought,
I wandered on the sea-beat shore,
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before.

Repeat third and fourth lines.

The plashing waves, like music fell,
Responsive to my fancy wild,
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.

Repeat.

I stooped upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay,
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away.

Repeat.

"Oh, thus," I said, "in every stage,
By toys our fancy is beguiled,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child."

Repeat.

EVENING STAR.

Beautiful star in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silvery light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star,

Beautiful star, beautiful star,
Star of the evening,
Beautiful, beautiful star.

In fancy's eyes thou seems't to say,
"Follow me, come, from earth away;
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky."

Chorus.

Shine on, oh star of love divine,
And may our souls around thee twine,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.

Chorus.

They Remove Depression of Spirits.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee ;
He work'd and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he ;
And this, the burden of his song,
Forever used to be,
" I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

" Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
" Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be ;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee ;
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad though I am King,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled and doff'd his cap,
" I earn my bread," quoth he,
" I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three ;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

" Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while,
" Farewell and happy be ;
But say no more, if thou'd'st be true,
That no one envies thee ;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee,
Such men as thou art England's boast,
Oh, miller of the Dee."

They Cure Diseases of Stomach and Bowels.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

Cheer up, Annie darling with hopeful emotion,
To-morrow our parting must be ;
I'll sail the seas over, I'll cross the wide ocean,
I'll sail the seas over for thee.
I will not forget thee, ah, never ! no, never !
I cannot forget thee I know ;
Thy smile, like a phantom, shall haunt me forever,
And cheer me where'er I may go.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Annie darling, break off from thy sorrow,
'Tis sad that our parting must be.
I'll sail the seas over, I'll cross the wide ocean,
I'll sail the seas over for thee.

I go, Annie darling, but leave thee in sorrow,
I go, for thy sake, far away ;
Then bid me good-bye, with a smile, on the morrow,
And cheer me with blessings, I pray.
I'll think of thee ever, and pray for thee only,
As over the waters I roam ;
I'll tarry not, darling, and leave thee all lonely,
But hasten again to my home.

Out, out on the ocean, away o'er the billow,
My heart on its purpose still bent,
My brow shall find rest, when I seek my lone pillow,
In knowing that thou art content.
Cheer up, Annie darling, break off from thy sorrow,
'Tis sad that our parting must be ;
But give me thy smile, when I leave thee to-morrow,
To sail the seas over for thee.

They are the best Bitters in the World.

JOHNNY SANDS.

C.S.L.
A man whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betsy Hagne.
And though she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague;
For oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim;
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him,
And she was tired of him.

Says he: "Then I will drown myself,
The river runs below;"

Says she: "Pray do, you silly old,
I wished it long ago;"

Says he: "Upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill,

And push me in with all your might;"

Says she: "My love I will,"

Says she: "My love I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life,

Pray tie my hands behind my back;"

"I will," replied his wife:

She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,

"Now stand," says she, "upon the brink,

And I'll prepare to run,

And I'll prepare to run."

All down the hill his loving bride

Now ran, with all her force,

To push him in; he stopp'd aside,

And she fell in, of course;

Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,

"Oh, save me, Johnny Sands!"

"I can't, my dear, though much I wish,

For you have tied my hands,

For you have tied my hands."

And in time effect a Perfect Cure.

LIZZIE DIES TO-NIGHT.

'Twas hard, our parting, mother, dear
It gave you untold pain,
But hope was strong within our hearts,
That we should meet again;
There's health upon my cheek once more,
And in my eye new light—
'Twill all be quenched in ocean's gloom,
For Lizzie dies to-night;
Lizzie dies to-night, mother,
Lizzie dies to-night.

I've been so happy, mother, dear,
When brightest summer smiled;
The friends who love me far away,
Have guarded well your child;
They've brought me almost back again,
To you and home's delight—
But I will never see you more,
For Lizzie dies to-night.

I'm thinking, mother, of the time
When little Willie died;
We laid him down with bursting hearts,
My father's tomb beside;
'Twas then you feared my tender form
Would vanish from the light—
But, ah! my grave is 'neath the wave,
For Lizzie dies to-night.

I know you're dreaming, mother dear,
Of all these dangers past;
Perhaps you'll never know how hard
Death came to me at last;
I'm almost in your arms again,
God make your burden light—
I never more can cheer your heart,
For Lizzie dies to-night.

Tonics Are Requisite in Stomach Diseases.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK!

A song to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong ;
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out ;
And he showeth his might, on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

CHORUS.—Then here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
Who stands in his pride alone,
And still flourish ho, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the spring with gold
Had brighten'd his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet erept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May ;
And on that day to the rebee gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains ;
They are gone—they are dead—in the churchyard laid,
But the tree it still remains. *Chorus.*

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear ;
When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
Were filled with good English cheer ;
Now gold hath the sway—we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he ;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea. *Chorus.*

The Best Tonic is Rosenbaum's Bitters.

Rosenbaum's Bitters are a Healthy Tonic.

BASHFUL YOUNG MAN.

—♦♦—

They say I shall get over it, but no, I never can ;
You've no conception what it is to be a bashful man ;
I—I—oh dear, I quite forget what I was going to say,
But would the ladies be so good as look another way ?
I'd give, I don't know what I'd not, if it were not the ease,
But it's a fact—I cannot look a lady in the face ;
I'd rather face—I would indeed—I know I am a fool—
I'd rather face a crocodile, than meet a ladies' school.

At parties, when, like other men, I'm ask'd if I won't dance,
I blush and fidget with my gloves and wish myself in France,
And while I'm standing stammering, and hanging down my
head,

Some sandy-whisker'd coxcomb leads the lady out instead.
I did just touch a lady's hand, last night, in a quadrille,
Oh, goodness how my heart did beat ! it's palpitating still.
While my young brother, fresh from school, to show you how
I'm teased.

Said, "Frank, why what a 'muff' you are, girls like their
fingers squeez'd."

How am I to get married ? I shall never have a wife,
I could never make an offer, I'm convinced, to save my life ;
There's the "quizzing" by the sisters, and the "questions" by
mamma,

And the "pumping" that one goes through, in the study, by
papa ;

Then there's that horrid honey moon, the journey with a
bride,

And grinning post-boys looking back, and no one else inside ;
Oh my, the very thought of it quite takes away my breath,
I'm certain, at the wedding, I should blush myself to death.

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And Sansome and Washington Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO.

NAVY FLANNEL SUITS.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen ! what, slumbering still !
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever ?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part ?
It may be for years, it may be forever ;
Oh ! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
It may be for years, and it may be forever.
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen ?

Kathleen Mavourneen ! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light ;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers ?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of the night,
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of the night.
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part ;
It may be for years, it may be forever ;
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
It may be for years, and it may be forever ;
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen ?

THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream,
Oft I breathe thy dear name to the winds floating by,
But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's lone sigh.

In the stillness of night when the stars mildly shine,
My heart fondly holds sweet communion with thine,
For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
That the spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

If You are on a Journey, use Rosenbaum.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
That fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
That bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like an eagle free,
Away our good ship flies, and leaves
Columbia on our lee.

CHORUS.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
That fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind,
I heard a fair maid cry;
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And the wild waves heaving high;
The wild waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

CHORUS.—A wet sheet, etc.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
There's lightning in yon cloud—
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

CHORUS.—A wet sheet, etc.

And it will keep You in Health.

THE WATCHER.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by,
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye;
How wistfully she gazeth,
No gleam of morn is there;
Her eyes to heaven she raiseth
In agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him,
She felt that this must be,
But oh, for morn to see him
Smile once again on me.

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing,
They heed not morning there;
Oh, young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining,
She heedeth not its ray,
Beside her dead reclining,
The pale, dead mother lay,
A smile her lips was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing,
"There's light for us above."

TAPPING AT THE WINDOW.

—♦♦—
He's tapping at the window,
And peeping o'er the blind;
'Tis really most surprising,
He never learns to mind;
'Twas only yester evening,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother asked me sharply:
"Pray, Mary, who is that?"
Who's that, indeed! you're certain
How much you made me start;
Men seem to lose their wisdom,
Whene'er they lose their heart.

Yes, there he is—I see him—
The lamp his shadow throws,
Across the curtained window;
He's stepping on his toes!
He'll never think of tapping,
Or making any din;
A knock though e'en the slightest,
Is worse than looking in;
Tap! tap! would any think it?
He never learns to mind;
'Tis really most surprising—
He thinks my mother's blind.

'Tis plain I must go to him,
It's no use now to cough;
I'll ope the door just softly,
If but to send him off;
'Tis well if from the door-step
He be not shortly hurled—
Oh, men, there ne'er was trouble
'Till ye came in the world!
Stop tapping at the window,
And peeping o'er the blind—
Oh, man, but you're a trouble,
And that we maidens find.

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh ! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
Who lives on the banks of Killarney ;
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming ;
Yet, oh ! I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney ;
Beware of her smile, for many a wife,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney !
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple ;
And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

ANSWER TO KATE KEARNEY.

Oh, yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney,
Who lives near the lake of Killarney ;
From her love-beaming eye, what mortal can fly
Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney ?
For that eye so seducingly meaning,
Assures me of mischief she's dreaming ;
And I feel 'tis in vain to fly from the chain
That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

At eve when I met this Kate Kearney,
On the flower-mantled banks of Killarney,
Her smile would impart thrilling joy to my heart,
As I gazed on the charming Kate Kearney.
On the banks of Killarney reclining,
My bosom to rapture resigning,
I've felt the keen smart of love's fatal dart,
And inhaled the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.

And You will never Suffer From Indigestion.

Use Rosenbaum and have a Good Appetite.

DOWN THE RIVER.

Oh ! the river is up and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong ;
Let the splash of your oars the measure keep,
As we row the old boat along.
Oh ! the water is bright, and flashing like gold,
In the ray of the morning sun,
And old Dinal's away up out of the cold,
A getting the hoe-cake done.
Oh ! the river is up, and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong ;
Let the splash of your oars the measure keep,
As we row the old boat along.

CHORUS.—Down the river, down the river,
Down the Ohio ;
Down the river, down the river,
Down the Ohio.

Chorus repeated.

Oh ! the master is proud of the old broad-horn,
For it brings him plenty of tin ;
Oh ! the crew they are darkies, the cargo is corn,
And the money comes tumbling in.
There is plenty on board for the darkies to eat,
And there's something to drink and to smoke ;
There's the banjo, the bones, and the tambourine,
There's the song, and the comical joke.
Oh ! the river is up, and the channel is deep,
And the wind blows steady and strong ;
Let the splash of your oars the measure keep,
As we row the old boat along.

CHORUS.—Down the river, &c.

Rosenbaum's Bitters Purify and Regulate.

Shades and Paper Hangings.

W. J. STRINGER'S

Attorneys,

NO. 520 WASHINGTON STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

OPPOSITE THE MARKET.

Spring and Hair Mattresses.

W. J. STRINGER, Furniture and Oil Cloths.

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CARPET & FURNITURE

WARE-ROOMS,

520 Washington Street,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Always on hand a Large Assortment of
Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Shades,
Paper Hangings,
Mattings,
Parlor Sets,
Chamber Sets,
Spring and Hair
Mattresses,

DINING ROOM AND KITCHEN FURNITURE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

520 Washington Street.

W. J. STRINGER, Carpets and Upholstering.

NORAH MACHREE.

Young Phelim O'Neale loved sweet Nora Machree,
The prettiest maiden in merry Tralee ;
But though she looked on him with favoring eyes,
His love went no further than glances and sighs.
In sport or in broil none were bolder than he,
His heart then was dauntless as stout heart could be :
But when to her side he attempted to steal,
Faith all in a flutter was Phelim O'Neale.

‘ Oh, Norah Machree ! sweet Norah Machree !
Sure you are the girl that's bewildering me !
Oh, Norah Machree ! sweet Norah Machree !
Your bright eyes I'm sure are bewildering me.

One day Phelim thought he'd find courage to tell
Pretty Norah the love that within him did dwell ;
He went to her cottage his suit to get heard,
But she so bewitched him he spoke not a word,
The maid sweetly smiled, still he seemed in a dream :
So finding smiles useless, she gave a loud scream—
‘ Why I never kissed you,’ said Phelim in fear ;
Says she, ‘ Ain't you going to, Phelim, my dear ?’
‘ Oh, Norah Machree,’ etc.

Young Phelim thought twice, then he stole to her side,
And asked her, all trembling, to be his sweet bride.
Her answer you'll guess, for a sharp sudden sound—
I think 'twas a kiss—broke the silence around.
If men will be bashful, and dally like this,
A slight, gentle hint, is not surely amiss ;
So when pretty maidens in such straits you be,
Then just take a lesson from Nora Machree.
‘ Oh, Norah Machree,’ etc.

Rosenbaum's Bitters are a Pleasant Drink.

AWAY ON THE PRAIRIE ALONE.

So handsome, so young, and so hearty,
With never a wife of his own—
I was thinking of Neddy McCarty,
Away on the prairie alone,
When who should come in but Jim Daly,
And sit himself down by my side,
All dressed like a dandy so gaily,
And sure it's himself has the pride.

His house was just finished, and painted
So white, with the window blinds green—
A lady was just what he wanted,
He said, to preside o'er the scene.
With carpets his floors he would cover,
With pictures his walls should be hung ;
Oh ! he was a broth of a lover,
With honey, you'd say, on his tongue.

He told me to get myself ready,
And, sure as the sun had gone down,
He'd make me as wealthy lady
As any that rode through that town.
You'd wonder, now, what was the matter,
His face was as long as a mile,
When I said, if I couldn't do better
I'd marry him after a while.
So handsome, so young, and so hearty,
With never a wife of his own,
I was thinking of Neddy McCarty,
Away on the prairie alone.

Rosenbaum's Bitters Prolong Life.

THE FIREMAN'S VICTORY.

QUARTETTE.

Hark! hark! hark! to the deep-toned bell,
Hark! hark! hark! why peals that solemn knell?

CHORUS.

Fire! fire! fire! fire!
Turn out! turn out! turn out!

TENOR SOLO.

See the sky is turning red,
Distant shouts assault the air,
Shrinks the heart with silent dread;
But the fireman, acorning fear,
Quickly startled from his seat,
Eds adieu to sweet repose,
And to succor the distressed
Now his noble spirit glows.

CHORUS.

Look alive there, clear the street there,
Don't you hear the engine bell?
Rushing, crushing, madly pushing,
On they gallop, all pell mell.
Come along!—hey! all together,
There's another close behind;
Clatter, shatter, what's the matter?
Push along there, never mind.

BASS SOLO.

Now, now we reach the ground
Hark! whence come those accents dire
Ah! great heaven! encircled round
By a sea of living fire,
There a female form appears,
With despair and terror wild,
Fast her unavailing tears
Fall upon her infant child.

CHORUS.

Oh! 'tis a fearful sight to see
The fire-fiend have the mastery.

SOLO.

That great peril none may dare,
Though each heart is bursting then,
Horror! must they perish there,
In the sight of living men?
No! Hurrah! on mercy bent,
Smoke, and flame, and danger's braved,
And the ear of night is rent
By the cry, "They're saved! they're saved!"

CHORUS.

Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see
The fireman's bloodless victory.

Rosenbaum's Bitters Act Upon the Liver.

THE SEA, THE SEA, THE OPEN SEA!

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below.
And silence wheresoc'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, the foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blast doth blow;
I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold.
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child;
I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea.

THE LONG, LONG WEARY DAY.

The long, long, weary day
Is passed in tears away,
And still at evening I am weeping ;
When, from my window's height,
I look out on the night,
I still am weeping,
My lone watch keeping.

When I, his truth to prove,
Would trifle with my love,
He'd say: "For me thou shalt be weeping ;
When, at some future day,
I shall be far away,
Thou shalt be weeping,
Thy lone watch keeping."

Alas ! if land or sea
Had parted him from me;
I would not these sad tears be weeping ;
But hope he'd come once more,
And love me as before,
And say: "Cease weeping,
Thy lone watch keeping."

But he is dead and gone,
Whose heart was mine alone,
And now for him I'm ever weeping ;
His face I ne'er shall see,
And nought is left to me,
But bitter weeping,
My lone watch keeping.

They are Harmless, and yet Effective.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home ;
The fairy land I've longed to see,
Is home, sweet home.
There now charm'd the sense of hearing,
There where hearts are so endearing,
All the world is not so cheering
As home, sweet home.

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My home, sweet home ;
I've learned to look with lover's eyes
On home, sweet home.
There where vows are truly plighted,
There where hearts are so united,
All the world beside I've slighted
For home, sweet home.

TWILIGHT DEWS.

When twilight dews are falling fast,
Upon the rosy sea ;
I watched that star whose beams so oft
Hath lighted me to thee.
And thou too, one that was so dear,
Ah ! dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost forever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven ?
There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see—
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee.
And now I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven—
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven.

N. B. JACOBS,

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N. B. JACOBS & CO.

Importers and Dealers in

**FINE WINES
AND LIQUORS.**

— ALSO —

VERY SUPERIOR CALIFORNIA WINES,

FROM THE

Best Vineyards in Anaheim and Sonoma,

- IN CASES OR CASKS.

**Our Justly Celebrated Old Corn,
N. B. J. Old Bourbon,
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And U. S. N. Whiskies**

Always on Hand, in Cases, Barrels, and Half Barrels,

— ALSO —

Dr. Rosenbaum's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

 CALL AND SEE US AT

No. 423 Front Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Be Sure to ask for Rosenbaum's Bitters.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

Of all the mighty nations, in the East or in the West,
Oh! this glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best,
We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurl'd,
Here's a general invitation to the people of the world.

CHORUS.—Come along, come along—make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way;
Our land is broad enough—don't be alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence marks our northern line, as fast her waters flow,
And the Rio Grande our southern bound, way down to Mexico,
From the great Atlantic ocean, where the sun begins to dawn,
Leaps across the Rocky Mountains away to Oregon.

CHORUS.—Come along, come along, &c.

The South may raise the cotton and the West the corn and pork,
New England manufactories shall do up the finer work;
For the deep and flowing waterfalls that course along our hills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep and driving cotton mills.

CHORUS.—Come along, come along, &c.

Our fathers gave us liberty, but little did they dream,
The grand results that flow along this mighty age of steam,
For our mountains, lakes, and rivers, are all a blaze of fire,
And we send our news by lightning on the telegraphic wire.

CHORUS.—Come along, come along, &c.

Yes, we are bound to beat the nations, for our motto's go-ahead,
And we'll tell the foreign paupers that our people are well-fed;
For the nations must remember that Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do the voting, and the children go to school.

CHORUS.—Come along, come along, &c.

If You use them once, you will always.

If You Have Nausea in the Morning

I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY.

I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower,
Without a care or sorrow,
As I was in childhood's hour.
When ladies, (Heaven bless them,)
They'd kiss me and they'd vow,
That they could almost eat me—
Why don't they do it now?

CHORUS.—I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower,
For the girls to kiss and cuddle me,
As they did in childhood's hour.

When I used to be a baby,
They'd to my cradle creep,
They'd kiss and hug and cuddle me,
Till I fell off to sleep.
Yes, they'd kiss and squeeze me too,
Till I felt anyhow,
They'd even wash and dress me—
Why don't they do it now? (CHORUS.)

For pleased they were to nurse me,
They would take me on their lap,
And would stuff my little belly full
Of lollipop and pap.
They would chew me tops and bottoms,
And if I made a row,
They'd press me to their bosoms—
Why don't they do it now? (CHORUS.)

When the ladies used to love me,
They would make me such nice clothes,
They would make me nice morocco shoes,
And wipe my little nose.
And when the shades of evening came,
And sleep came o'er my brow,
They said it's time to go to bed—
But they never say so now. (CHORUS.)

A few Glasses of Rosenbaum will Relieve You.

MY MOTHER DID SO BEFORE ME.

I am a gay and lively lass,
A little more than twenty,
And by my comely air and dress,
Sweethearts I can have plenty ;
But I'll beware of wedlock's snare,
Though dying swains adore me.
The men I'll tease, myself to please,
My mother did so before me—
The men I'll tease, myself to please,
My Mother did so before me.

To balls and concerts oft I go,
To spend each leisure hour,
I'd walk and talk with every beau,
And make them feel my power ;
But if a dart should pierce my heart,
From one that should adore me,
We'll wed and kiss, what harm is this ?
My mother did so before me—
We'll wed and kiss, what harm is this ?
My mother did so before me.

How will I manage, when I wed,
My husband to perfection !
For as good wives have often said—
Keep husbands in subjection ;
No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
Or e'er eclipse my glory,
I'll let him see I'll mistress be,
My mother did so before me.

I WISH HE'D TELL ME WHY?

What mysteries are some young men!
I cannot make them out;
I wish they'd plainly speak their minds,
Not keep us girls in doubt.
They bow, and blush, and hover round,
With many a deep-drawn sigh;
Why don't the silly, frightened things
Speak out and tell us why?

Just such a one is Charlie Brown,
A comely youth I know,
Who, though a brave gallant, yet proves
A chicken-hearted beau.
He haunts my footsteps night and day,
And though his tongue's so shy,
He'll dance or sing with none but me—
I wish he'd tell me why.

I wonder now if he expects
The courting I'm to do?
I love him dearly, I confess;
I think he loves me too.
'Tis really time he broke the ice,
To make him speak I'll try;
Instead of smiles I'll pout, and then,
I think he'll tell me why.

They are made from the Best Old Rye.

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

All round my hat I veers a green villow,

All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day ;

If hany one should hax the reason vy I veers it,

Tell them that my true love is far, far away.

'Twas a-goiing of my rouds iu the street I first did meet her,

I thought she vos a hangel just come down from the sky ;

SPOKEN—(She'd a uice vegetable countenance.)

And I never heard a voice more louder or more sweeter,

When crying, " Buy my prinroses, my prinroses come buy."

SPOKEN—(Here's your fine cauliflowers.)

CHORUS—All round my hat, etc.

Oh, my love was werry fair, and my love was werry kind,

But cruel vos the cruel judge vot had my love to try ;

SPOKEN—(Here's your precious turnips.)

For thieving vos a thing she never vos inclined to,

But he sent my love alone across the seas far away.

SPOKEN—(Here's your hard-hearted cabbages.)

CHORUS—All round my hat, etc.

For seven long years, my love and I aro parted,

For seven long years my love is bound to stay ;

SPOKEN—('Tis a precious long time 'fore I does any trade to-day.)

Bad luck to that chap vot would hever be false-hearted ;

I'll love my love for hever, though she's far, far away.

SPOKEN—(Here's your nice heads of eelery.)

CHORUS—All round my hat, etc.

There is some young is, so preciously deceitful,

A coaxing off the young gals they vish to lead astray,

SPOKEN—(Here's your walnuts, crack 'em and try 'em, a shilling a hundred.)

As soon as they deceive 'em they cruelly leave 'em,

They never sighs nor sorrows ven they're far, far away.

SPOKEN—(Do you want any hings to-day, marm ?)

CHORUS—All round my hat, etc.

I bought my true love a ring on the wery day she started,

Which I giv her as a token all to remember me ;

SPOKEN—(Bless her hyes !)

And ven she does come back, oh, ve'll never more be parted,

Ve'll marry aud be 'appy, oh, for hever and a day.

SPOKEN—(Here's your fine spring reddishes.)

CHORUS—All around my hat, etc.

They Purify the Blood.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

Oh, the old farm house, down beside the valley stream,
Where in childhood so oft I have played,
Ere sorrow had clouded my heart's early dream,
Or life's purest joys had decayed.
How well I remember the vine covered roof,
And the rose bushes clustering nigh,
And the tall, stately poplar trees standing aloft,
Whose tops seem to reach to the sky.
Oh, the old farm house, my childhood's happy home.

Oh, the old farm house, how I've sported round its hearth
With my sisters and brothers so dear;
How oft has it rung with our innocent mirth,
And hallowed our soft evening prayer?
But the old farm house now is going to decay,
Its stones like dead friends lie apart;
But its dear, cherished image shall ne'er fade away
From affection's domain in my heart.
Oh, the old farm house, my childhood's happy home.

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

The summer is ended the harvest is gone,
I've mowed all my meadows, I've housed all my corn;
And sweet Katie's cottage stood fair to my view,
And so I went a courting, I'd nothing else to do.
Nothing else to do,
Nothing else to do,
And so I went a courting,
For I'd nothing else to do.

I met my sweet Katie, and down we did sit,
And there we commenced a murmuring chat,
I told her I loved her, to try if she loved too,
I kissed her sweet lips, for I'd nothing else to do.
Nothing else to do, etc.

NELLY GRAY.

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A sitting and a singing by the little cottago door
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more,
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars were
shining too,

Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little light canoe—
While my banjo sweetly I would play.
Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neighbors say
The white man bound her with his chain—
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.
Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more ;
My eyes shall look downward, and my songs shall be unsung,
While I stay on old Kentucky shore.
Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see my way,
Hark ! there's somebody knocking at the door ;
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray ;
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS.

Oh, my dear Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,
That they'll never take you from me any more :
I'm a coming, coming, coming, while the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shoro.

GENTLE NETTIE MOORE.

In a little white cottage,
Where the trees are ever green,
And the climbing roses blossom at the door,
I've often sat and listen'd
To the music of the birds,
And the gentle voice of charming Nettie Moore.

CHORUS.

Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore,
And my happiness is o'er,
While a spirit sad around my heart has come;
And the busy days are long,
And the nights are lonely now,
For you're gone from our little cottage home.

Below us in the valley,
On the river's dancing tide,
Of a summer eve I'd launch my open boat;
And when the moon was rising,
And the stars began to shine,
Down the river we so merrily would float. *Cho.*

And often in the autumn,
Ere the dew had left the lawn,
We would wander o'er the fields far away;
But those moments have departed,
Gentle Nettie, too, is gone,
And no longer sweetly with her can I stray. *Cho.*

Since the time that you departed,
I have longed from earth to rise,
And join the happy angels gone before;
I cannot now be merry,
For my heart is full of woe,
Ever pining for my gentle Nettie Moore. *Cho.*

You are gone, darling Nettie,
I have mourned you many a day;
But I'll wipe all the tears from my eyes;
For as soon as life is past,
I shall meet you once again.
In heaven, darling, up above the skies. *Cho.*

Dr. Rosenbaum's Celebrated Bitters.

THEY CURE! THEY CURE!

Try them, ye weak and dyspeptic, and obtain relief from
your sufferings.

Try them! Try them!

You men of sedentary habits—take a glass of Rosenbaum
before each meal, and be strong and happy.

Try them! Try them!

You hard cases who have worn out your youth prematurely
in all manner of excesses, take

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

Three times a day and be rejuvenated, and then repent
and behave yourselves.

Try them! Try them!

You young men who *would* go on a spree last night and
this morning can hardly open your eyes or
get your hat on.

Take a Good Dose

And your head will cease aching, your stove-pipe will sit
easily and gracefully on your head, and you
will bless this wonderful

EYE OPENER!

Dr. Rosenbaum's Celebrated Bitters.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Ye sons of Freedom, awake to glory !
Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise ?
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their eries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !
The avenging sword unsheath ;
March on ! march on ! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise ;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo ! our fields and cities blaze ;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hand imbruing ?
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiable despots dare,
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded),
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore
But man is man, and who is more ?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, &c.

O Liberty ! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame ?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee ?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, &c.

They Restore the Weak and Frail to Health.

Rosenbaum's Bitters Cure Constipation.

DARLING NORA'S MINE.

No more wayward roving o'er the ocean brine ;
Gentle, kind and loving, darling Nora's mine ;
Ever have I loved her, lo, these many years,
In the storm and sunshine, in our smiles and tears.

CHOR.—No more wayward roving o'er the ocean brine ;
Gentle, kind and loving, darling Nora's mine.

Years ago I sought her, but foul slander came
With its native venom, ruining my fame ;
Bitter cup for Nora, well nigh death to me ;
I went forth a rover o'er the stormy sea.

Till, one night in winter, in a fearful gale,
From aloft they shouted : " Hard-a-lee ! a sail !"
Lo, a ship dismantled, shattered, leaking fast,
O'er the foaming waters floated slowly past.

In our tossing pinnace swiftly did we glide,
Struggling through the tempest to the vessel's side.
Kneeling in the cabin, with the crew at prayer,
Pale, and calm, and weary, we found Nora there.

In a lovely cottage, looking o'er the sea,
Now a wife and mother, Nora dwells with me ;
Ever shall I love her through the coming years,
In the storm and sunshine, in our smiles and tears.

They are Good for All Stomach Diseases.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

Oh, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With the calm blue sky above my head,
And the shadowy clouds that pass;
And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All round about my bed;
I'll close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to him;
He will bear me slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim;
He will gently, gently lay me
Close by the Savior's side;
And when I'm sure that I'm in heaven,
My eyes will open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
Who stand around the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one;
And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone;
I'll tell her how we've mourned for her
All the while that she's been gone.

Oh, I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again;
Though I know she'll not return to us,—
To ask her would be vain;
So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue;
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play,
And have gone to sleep beneath the tree,
This sultry summer day.

Rosenbaum's Bitters are a Bodily Invigorant.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME ?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying I wish he were here.
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam;
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss'd me at home,
To know that they miss'd me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay,
Regret at my wearisome stay.

Do they sit me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whisper'd "good-night" while they weep,
A whisper'd "good-night" while they weep.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is miss'd from the circle,
Because I am with them no more,
Because I am with them no more?

Rosenbaum's Bitters are a Mental Invigorant.

KATY AVOURNEEN.

'Twas a cold winter night and the tempest was snarlin',
The snow, like a sheet, covered cabin and sty,
When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',
And tapped at the window where Katy did lie.
"My jewel," cried he, "are ye sleepin' or wakin' ?
The night's bitter cold, and my coat it is thin ;
Oh, the storm, 'tis a brewin', the frost it is bakin',
Oh, Katy, avourneen, you must let me in."

"Arrah, Barney," cried she, and she spoke through the window,

"Ah, would you be takin' me out of my bed ?
To come at this time, it's a shame and a sin, too,
It's whisky, not love, that's got into your head :
If your heart it is true, of my fame you'd be tender ;
Consider the time, and there's nobody in :
And what's a poor girl but her name to defend her ?
No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in."

"Ah, cushla," cried he, "it's my heart is a fountain,
That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your door :
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
I'll go to my home tho' the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within ;
And the words of my Kathleen shall comfort and bless me,
'Oh, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in.'"

They are Alterative and Corrective.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
Tho shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee,
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.
The boast of, etc.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim,
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true,
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for, etc.

THE FAIRY RING.

Young Kathleen, she passed on her homeward way,
Just at the close of a summer's day,
A circle that grew on the mossy green,
They told where the fairy elves had been;
And being tired as young ladies may
Who have nothing to do through the live-long day,
She threw herself down on the turf to rest,
On the spot that the fairy queen had pressed.

But oh! its unlucky, so old wives sing,
For a maiden to enter a fairies' ring

Now Kathleen had lovers, and truth to tell,
She had too many beaux for a single bello;
But Rory, he happened to pass that way,
Where she, "like the "sleeping beauty," lay;
Dreaming she own'd, 'twould be hard to find
One, who as truly could suit her mind:
When Rory—small blame to the boy for this,—
At that critical moment stole—a kiss!

Oh! it's very unlucky, so old wives sing.
For a maiden to sleep in a fairies' ring.

When Kathleen at last—in the pale star light,
Awoke from her visions of beauty bright;
Still kneeling beside her was Rory bold,
And—lovers have secrets that can't be told;
But, long ere the grass in that ring grew sere,
Young Rory had married his Kathleen dear;
Who said, with a smile, "she had little doubt
'Twas the Fairies who brought it so well about!"

So it wasn't unlucky—as old wives sing,
For a maiden to sleep in a fairy ring.

Recommended by all Physicians.



Invaluable for all Diseases of the Lungs.

At the request of Messrs. N. B. JACOBS & Co., I have made an analysis of the Whiskey bottled by them, and find it pure and unadulterated.

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Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, General Debility, Constipation, Sea Sickness, Bodily Weakness, Nervous Headache, and Colic.

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 They are made from the Choicest Herbs and Roots, steeped in PURE OLD RYE WHISKY, which is acknowledged by all Physicians to be the most healthy of all alcoholic drinks, and invaluable in Diseases of the Lungs.

♦♦♦
For Sale by all Druggists and Liquor Dealers.

Try them and you will always Use them.



MANKIND

DRAMATIC POEM

BY

H. TINTROP



PRICE, 15 CENTS AT PRINCIPAL BOOK STORES

MANKIND

DRAMATIC POEM

By H. TINTROP

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MANKIND



Ha, mighty Lord ! Who am I ?
What plan hast Thou Supreme with me ?
What's the reason I am here
Among tigers and monkeys ?
And why am I created ?

Are the groans of this breast
Sounds of welcome to thine ears ?
Is my misery thy pleasure ?
Oh, why is it
That ever I was reared ?

Rise thou furious storm and rage ;
Mystic fire touches me.
Shall a worm,
Down-trodden in the dust,
Not even
Manifest his agony,
And seek a place of rest ?

That an innocent infant, being
Thief or fool,
Beast or angel might become ;
The enraged Supreme has thrown it
In scornful temper
Poor and naked on the barren earth
For some.

So it appears in unconseiousness
Among its equals,
Whimpering the first welcome
And weeping's fame,
The only sign of entering
Into life's doubtful game.

Ah ! thou creature
Full of faults,
Something between high and low,
Has been gifted meagerly
By the Creator's scornful will.
When He dispatched his messenger
To spend all earthly gifts,

Quickly down

 The angel rushed on cherub wings,
And provided first

 Some other things.

He gave marvelous strength to the lion,
 And bushy mane ;
Soft feathers to the birds
 And swans ;

Every tree a useful bark ;
He clad the fish
In golden scales,
And covered the tortoise with a shield ;
He gave also the moths
 Their veils,

Having nothing left worthy to give
When to the Creator's very image
 Proud he came
But a nameless painful feeling,
Which is called

 Shame.

Without thinking,
 Without sorrows,
Never knowing pain nor death,
Feeds on evening and on morning
Every dog

 His bit of bread.
Only poor mankind—
 Oh, how grand !

Suffers death
 Without an end.

This poor being
Must always fear or know
 The bitter time,
When silence calls and stops
The twinkling of the brow.

Only born, jumps so happy
Every lamb around its mother ;
Only born finds alone every chick
 Its bit of fodder.
Only now the human child—

This fork beast,
 And perhaps
The Creator's
 Most finished piece of work—
Cannot move one step ahead,
 Nor talk ;
Must learn first how to eat
 And how to walk.

To-day, through necessity
 And imitation,
It has only learned to walk and speak ;
To-morrow it will measure stars,
 And pull the moon from distant skies.
It dreams of everlasting charms,
It prays in hopes and sighs,
Studies on philosophy,
And oversteps the solid wall
Between time and eternity.

Science's heroes and bigot impostors
Lived savage-like—

Bloodthirsty and always in dispute—
And Old Age's prophecy

Did cry,

Rooster-like,

In the early morning sky.

Shall I live forever,

Or shall I die?

Has the spirit only for a time

Borrowed his body?

Or am I a spook,

To hide myself in myself,

Fall back to earthly dust,

To weigh no more than other likewise

Stony crust?

Count up the fruits of knowledge.

And our eyesight—

Oh! it is blind,

Not even fit to look behind.

Our lovely pleasures

Are only phases ;

Our fabulous wisdom

Is a wicked child ;

One distant world,

No one can tell,

Connected with an earthly grave—

Oh, horror ! stop—

There is—the open space.

On this side lingers an imposing monster,

Monopolizes revenue,

And holds a songster

By trickery and cunningly displayed arts ;

It claims a bridge of spider-web

Its own.

With threats of solemn prayers,

Sacred songs and catechisms,

This blue-blot is baptized everywhere

In the mystic name,

The God's religion.

Has a man escaped
This constant murdering,
Counts eighty years of life his own,
Leaves enchantments all alone,
To sign the bill of life,
Counts the gains to store away,
We say.

For happy hours,
Some unknown day ?
Then you will see that all he wins
Is hardly worth
A row of pins.

One-eighth part
The childhood took
Of his life's running term ;
Another eighth passed away
By old age's dizziness,
Without feeling or enjoying,
Without love and without kisses.
Tired of life,
He greets Death

As a heartily welcome friend.
One-half his life sleep stole away,
And in the rest
Pain and sickness held their sway.

Was the morning of thy life
Too wet from flowing tears ?
Was the noon too hot for thee ?
Oh ! the evening, gray old man,
Brought instead of pleasing comfort
Sorrows—

And annoying sneers.

Has so the farce play
Reached its end at last ?
Go around
From house to house ;
If only one is satisfied
With his unchangeable lot,
New hopes, new wishes, new pain
Every coming day,

One last wish,
 A silent grave,
Is his heart's content
 And save.

When neglected and unknown,
Not a friend will lend his hand ;
When only tears give charity
To wet his daily bread,
Lightning flashes
 Illumine his gloomy day ;
To him harsh voices cry :
“ Leave this world,
 And get yourself away—
 Away ! ”

Look fonder there !
 Spy and hear
How they are talking
Of their companion's better work.
They criticise and measure all he does

Till they have found a wicked spot

On a really noble deed.

Ah! then they smile and shake their heads,

And chatter happy irony ;

Call him crank, fanatic or infidel.

Instead of praising this worthy work

They shameless talk about its faults

And scatter it in all directions,

Like a merciless sea-storm does

The defenseless flying gulls.

Creatures only vile and wicked

Are their passions' willing slaves,

Without number, without name ;

Jealousy, avarice and trickery,

The vengeance—poison sore—

Never leaves the poor insane.

Claws and teeth are beastly weapons ;

For men are

Looks, words, poison

Saws and daggers

Made to strike.

When the woeful sights
Of poor creatures' huts
Drive my blood to stir and twist ;
When the youth is made a slave
To enrich a miser beast ;

When I part with my small offering
To save the needy
 From distress ;
When I would like to sacrifice
One-half I do possess,

God, thou knowest
 My earnest feeling ;
My thoughts appeal to Thee ;
But eyes of marble gaze on me
And believe it not—
Call it Arrogance,
 Fool's play and romance.

When the creeping misery
Undermines the faithful worker's home,
Under Pluto's blood-red flag so bold,
A murderous villain

Gathers heaps of clinging gold ;
When honor and pure womanhood
Gets exchanged for silver trash ;
When high birth and shining metal
Do protect a crime brutal, rash ;
When a judge gets freely served
With wine and sumptuous meal
To interchange his goddess' hardest steel
In tallow or in wax,
To represent

When necessary hangman's ax ;
When Justice fair and strong
Gets traded out for

Harlot's pleasure song,
Oh! just try to doubt

Such fair exchange ;
Go mad on this, though true and natural.

Then, laughing, they will you and others tell,
Is this world an ideal ?

Rush onward, life,
 Away from earthly skeletons
Into eternal mystic choir.
It fast consumes me,
 This suffocating fire.

Condemned is the world
 From king to ass ;
Condemned is all the human race.
To-day will kill you he
Who smiled only yesterday to thee.
 Good brother dear,
Canst thou lie and steal,
 And betray thy friendly host,
Thou are'st here a welcome guest.
Deceive, swear false, and flatter ;
Put oil on fires instead of water ;
Plunge daggers into the backbone of mankind ;

Have open ears for vile and slanderous talk ;
Incite brother against his brother
Till they have slain each other.
Canst thou do this ?

Then the world is thine.

Sing and pray from heaven,
The radiance of divine holiness
Around thy worthy face.

No doubt
Thou must win the game,
Because thou holdest four aces.
The happy one is always he
Who wins the races.

Oh! who can give back to me
The very day of first existence,
When I was nothing to this globe,
And served to please

Another scope ?

When I traveled to and fro,
On the storm, the water or the dew ;
When wonderful planets passed by
In endless variation—
In grand transplendent sights—
No tongue can justify their rights.

When in the ice-sea I was frozen,
From year to year growing anew,
Witnessed miraculous scenes,
This home for me was chosen,
Always busy, never resting,
And in innocence enjoying,
I was for euriosity

 In the light with sunbeams playing,
Quick absorbed with other vaporous nations,
Slowly dragged away

 To wonderous revolutions.

Fire, lightning crashes and thundering
Was heard.

This was the serious moment ;

I fell,

Inclosed in a water-drop,

Down to the earth.

There, in a humble plant,

I mostly was impressed,

Stored away among the greening grass,

Without pleasures,

Without distress.

Myself not knowing,

Every morn and noon

Woke up from sleep

By the warming, loving sun.

Then to the hills in youthful spring

I lent my flowry dress,

Till a chewing beast, bird or bee,

Came at last to swallow me.

This way I made, as feeding mush,

My home in milk and blood.

The human life began there and then,
Which threw me this time,
In a love-lust fever,
On this earth in shape of man.

To find perchance

Companions here

Who will make me master of society

Or slave,

Or cast me down

As prisoner in dungeon cell,

Make so this earthly paradise to me

A heaven, a workshop

Or a burning hell ;

To follow up the smooth or rocky road

To valleys, meadows, flats or hills,

And before I die must meet all earthly good and
sins

In pay with fearful dreams, pains and ills.

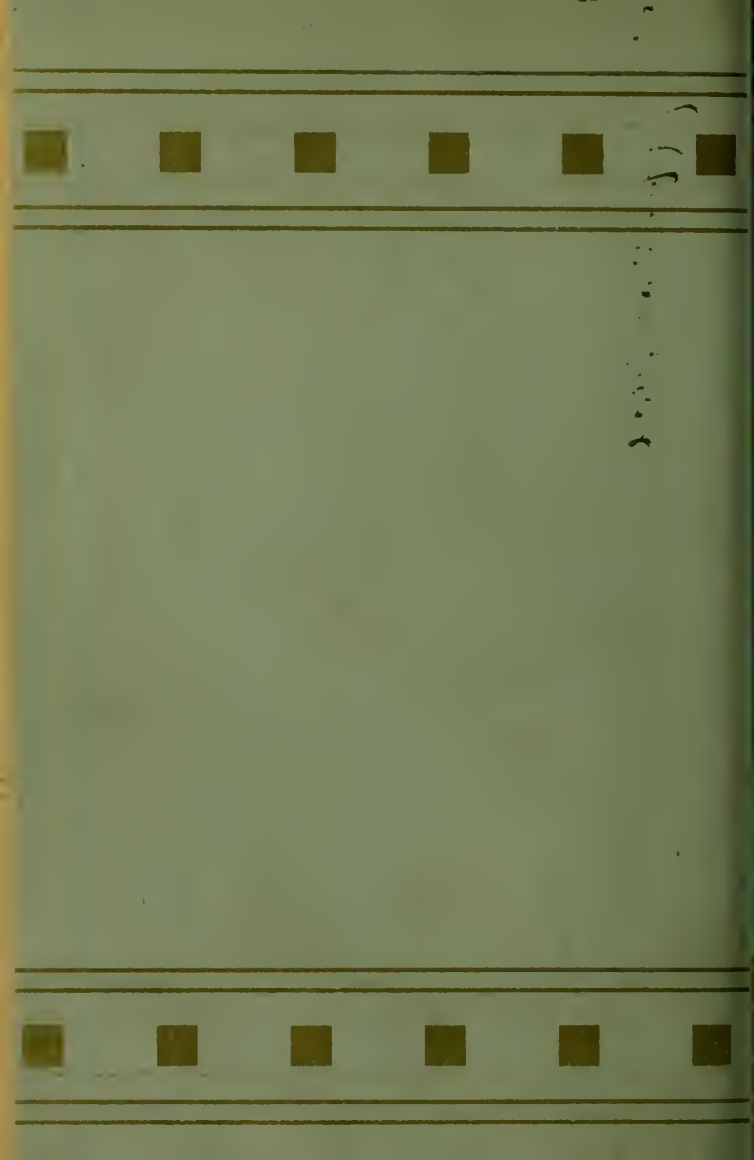
So I must, for a handful of pleasures
Found in brief,
Willingly suffer. One-half this world
Full of misery and grief,
Was it worth miraculous work
To reach far down eternity
And build me up,
A living, whirling top,
When hidden mystery held me up,
To produce a wandering miraele
Of mankind's real variety ?

O Hero ! Thou Supreme !
I now commence to understand thy game ;
But soon my time is winding up,
When Thou dost free me
From the earthly dreaming thoughts and fame
And lettest me drop
Down to happy moments of my back existence,
Where I shall serve to Thee,
Thou nameless spirit, myself unknown,

Where from time to time
I represent a different zone.
Now the clock strikes twelve ;
Time comes to an end.
Divine Supreme, this Thou alone
Dost grant.







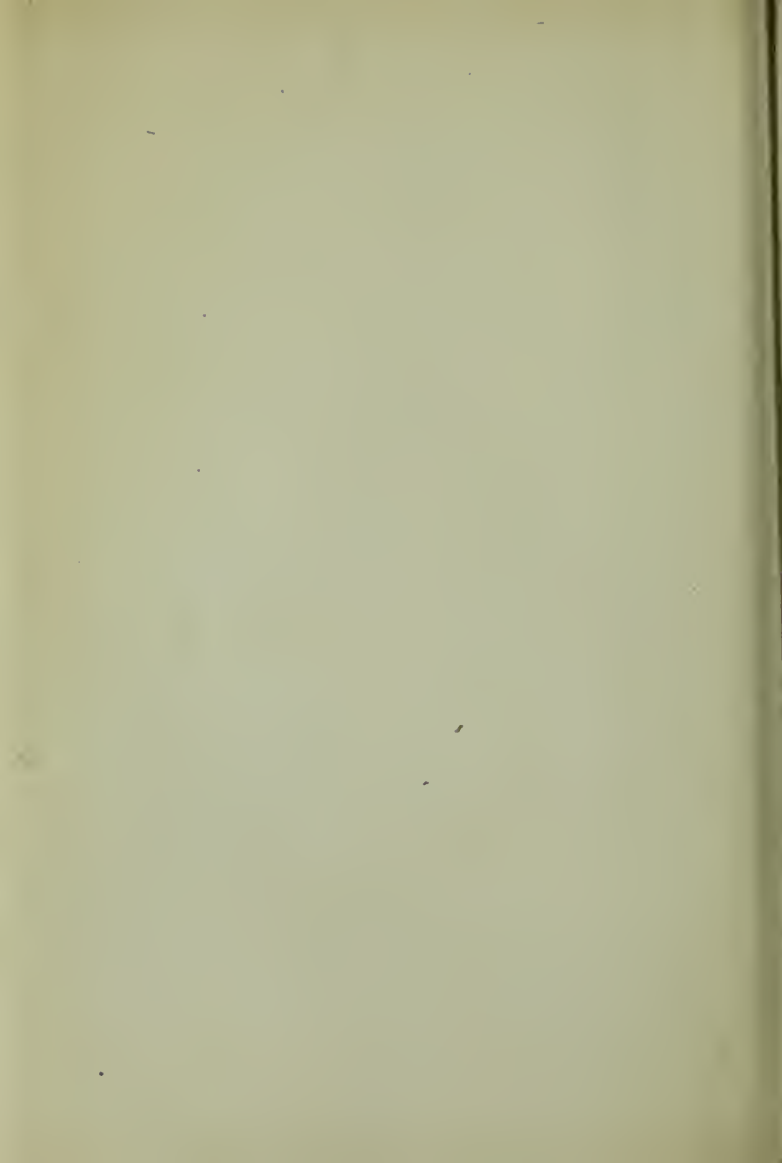
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ANSWER

TO THE

New Locksley Hall.

—BY—

MARY T. ROAKE.



A N S W E R

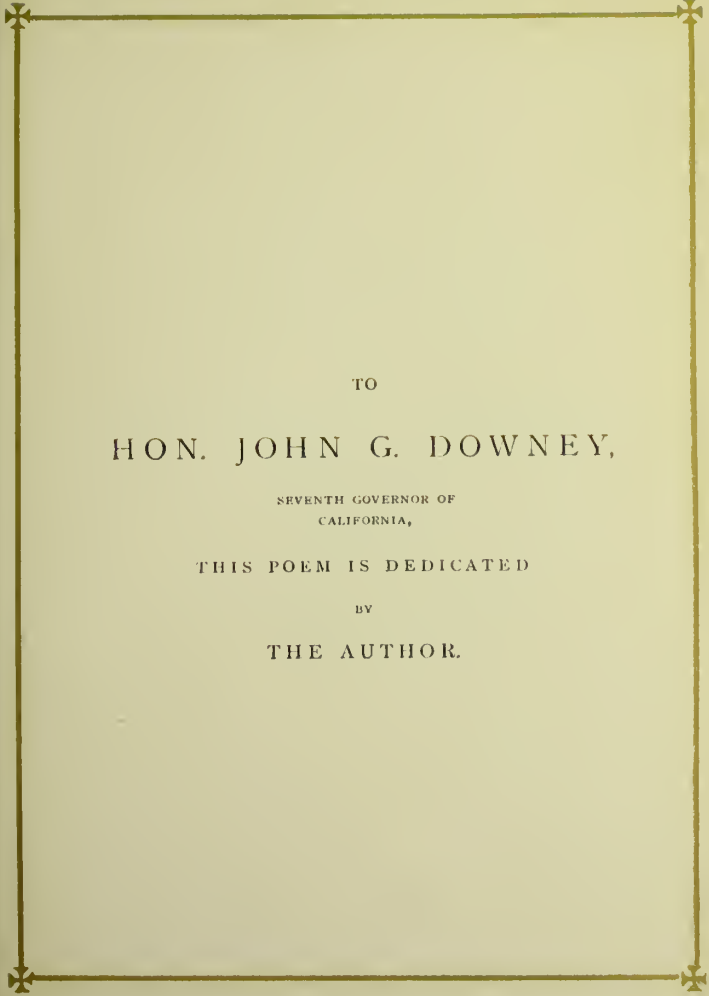
TO THE

New Locksley Hall.

—IV—

MARY T. ROAKE





TO
HON. JOHN G. DOWNEY,

SEVENTH GOVERNOR OF
CALIFORNIA,

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED

BY
THE AUTHOR.

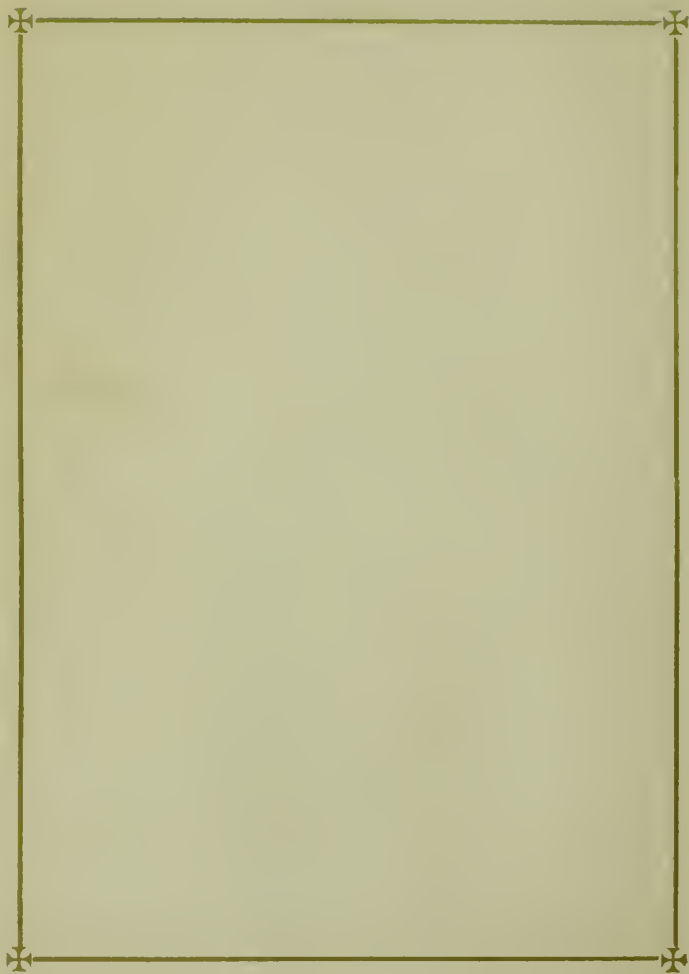


TO him who, first in virtue, as first in place,
Crowned highest title, with a modest grace,
Whose every act proclaimed him peerless man—
The grandest factor in the heaven-wrought plan

Of shining spheres, where our Lord displays
The grandest workings of his wondrous ways,
Not e'en the sun, in all its glory crowned,
Shedding light and radiance on the worlds around,

Can with him compare—who scorning paltry gold,
Like the “True Shepherd,” kept from wolves the fold,
Humble, like “The Master,” yet truly great,
Preserved his honor and that of the State.

Oh, proudest boast of the Golden West,
For such another, where shall be our quest?
A thousand years will not suffice to form
Such another champion of pure reform.



ANSWER TO THE
NEW LOCKSLEY HALL.

Once again the poet speaketh, yet methinks he overacts,
Skims the truth as lightly touching as the birds do cataracts.

Lightly touched the living questions—truth and freedom are for all
While his tyrant country gathers round the dark funereal pall.

Of a sister kingdom weeping, o'er the grave where freedom lies,
Sending victims to her altars—each new day a sacrifice.

But his country still is perfect—faultless still and so divine,
Thus the egotist will babble—thus he makes his couplets shine.

Eighty years methinks might teach him fitter themes for tongue
and pen,

Make him utter what beseems him—just the truth of English men.

Were he half as pure and noble as he deems himself sublime
He would use his pen for freedom—save his country from the crime

Of committing wholesale murder on a people long enslaved,
And condemning to the galleys those the hangman still had saved.

When was heard the voice of freedom—sounding from these
hoary lips?

When the cry of deprecation—as the tyrants used their whips?

When was heard his song exultant, praising Gladstone and his
cause?

Where his dulcet notes of triumph, blessing Parnell's righteous laws?

Where has been this hermit hiding? Has his pen been red with rust?

While a nation's fate seemed balanced in the scale of might and
must.

Had Erin won the cause of freedom by the right of moral force,

This time-server would have written odes in England's praise, of
course.

He would babble, babble, babble, as, no doubt, he best knows how,

That the gift of Ireland's freedom well might grace Victoria's brow.

He would write to please his patron—for such service is he paid—

That the cause of Ireland's freedom had been by herself delayed.

Ha, thou pratest of the worldling—why be that thou wouldst
condemn?

Cast the royal fetters from thee—nor be longer bound by them.

Set the light on freedom's altar—touch the pure Promethean flame,

Thus thine earlier time redeeming, may'st thou still be worthy fame.

Tell thy people to remember, while there yet remaineth time,
That the fall of Roman grandeur may contain a hint sublime.

The old fable of the lion and the tiger still holds good;
While they waste the time in quarreling, wolves are waiting in
the wood.

You who woo the voices tell them, old experience is no fool
Which of all the ancient nations left one member fit to rule.

Old Assyria, once so powerful, long has sunk into the past;
The great Egyptians have but left us—some few buildings that
may last.

Where is Greece, the mighty founder of that storehouse human
thought?

Where, oh, where, her famous sages who philosophy have taught?

Where the nation heavenly chosen?—set apart at God's behest,
Which of all their fertile valleys yields them now a place of rest?

Not one stone upon another has been left to mark the sod
On which stood the glorious temple which they raised to worship
God.

True, another house of worship crowns Moriah's lofty height;
Saint Sofia to Mahomet hath been yielded—such is might.

And the Roman who so proudly shattered City, Temple, Walls,
Ne'er imagined that the Vandal yet would wreck his gorgeous
halls.

Take the timely warning Alfred—thou the prophet of thy tribe,
And remember Lord Macaulay's promise of a Fiji scribe.

Rome of Ceasar, Rome of Peter—when was Rome like London
city?

Nero's self might learn of England deeper sinks of iniquity.

I will cite your cosmos chaos, and will tell you that the end
Will be like the revolution, which made Paris one red fiend.

'Tis the end to'rd which you're tending—poet, philosopher—
the truth

May be whispered in your hearing, though you relish not its ruth.

Equal born, equal bred, tell me, friend, why not, in sooth?

'Tis not so long since Queen Victoria dubbed thee Knight of
Rhyme, forsooth.

Equal born, why not, indeed, if genius mark thee for her own
The poet is starving in an attic while the fool enjoys the throne.

While you boast three hundred million Indians under royal sway
Take good heed to watch the portals of your castles night and day.

Russia bursts your Indian barriers. Shall you fight her? No indeed.
You will never sound the tocsin—you will never take the field.

England never wars with equals—never quarrels with a foe
Unless at first she is assured that foe cannot resist the blow.

She's grown a coward and a bully, and will send her armies where
She knows the weakness of the country will permit her to play
scare.

Thus she goes to frighten Egypt, thus she wars with poor Soudan,
Thus she frights the Shah of Persia, while she shakes o'er Hindostan.

All diseases quenched by science—science then will surely reap
A most profitable harvest in your stronghold of the deep.

For the picture which your England now presents to worldly view
Is so fair, and pure, and holy, that it seems like morning dew.

Oh, the greatness of her nobles, and the honor which they hold
Much more cheaply than the gypsy holds the stranger at his
board.

Oh, the morals of her ladies! Cleopatra's self was pure
When compared with English matrons—titled dames the worst,
be sure.

But as Satan made, he matched them—worthy husband, worthy
 wife,
 Noble lord, and noble lady—fit to lead an English life.

Holy Christian, pious mother—bah, what nonsense do you prate!
 These are old and silly fancies—you have lived an age too late.

Send the scions of noble houses to dwell in college halls awhile,
 They'll return the moral monsters that grace the royal line "Ar-
 gyle."

Princes, dukes, lords and earls, mighty rulers of the land,
 Blessed are they who own you masters—stoop that they may
 kiss your hand.

This is England, noble nation, Albert Edward at its head
 Sets its youth a bright example, treads the path bluff Harry led.

Yes, my friend, I yield you Venus—she in England leads the
 stars;
 All are marching 'neath her banner—have deserted royal Mars.

"Roaring London!" yes, 'tis seething; Shakespeare's witches
 stir the pot;
 And a fouler, filthier mixture, ne'er was cooked in witches'
 grot.

Yes, dear Alfred, while you wander through your sciences sublime,

English men and women blacken soul and sense in sin and crime.

Talk about your cosmos-chaos—do you touch the naked truth?

Ah, my friend, there's little vileness left to teach your English youth.

All who reach the age for college buy with their initial fee,

Many things besides the classics, not mentioned in B. A. Degree.

Dotard, wonder not at evils scattered broadcast through the land;

Many sowers throng your valleys, casting with a liberal hand.

Now too late your voice has risen, puling like a sickly child,

When it might have force and vigor, 'twas attuned to accents mild.

Truckling to each proud patrician, lest a dulcet note offend

The dainty ears of high-toned ladies. Why shouldst thou all evils mend?

Sin is only sin when spoken, sin is never sin in act,

As if silence of its action were to make it less a fact.

Far too long thy brother's vices have been hidden and condoned;

Far too long they have been borne, when an earlier age had stoned.

But a day of retribution fast is looming into view;
And the so called noble lordlings shall receive the justice due.

Serfs no longer at their bidding, puppets made to come and go,
Dogs to lick their master's hand—though it may have dealt a blow.

Where are now the blood-wrung millions by the hireling minion
screwed
From the widow and the orphan—who trebly pay for every rood?

Where are now his Derby trotters? He would thank the poorest
hack,
For a seat upon the saddle, though the bones protrude the back.

This—to this—is Britain tending—hasten Lord the welcome day
When the rich and great shall learn what a debt they have to pay.

Let them boast—the noble born—summon all the ghostly peers
Who have trod the path before them in the last nine hundred years.

Claim a title to the nation holding peasants much as slaves,
Wonder why such brutes should fancy freedom, 'ere they found
their graves.

In the days when feudal England worshiped Might as ever Right
Had the commons dared to claim e'en the freedom of a fight,

Quickly found the foul offender refuge in the city stocks;
'Twas a good way, why not try it? Have you left no iron blocks?

Great ancestor, I would tell you, but that now I fear to speak,
That our nobles have forgotten vengeance it were best to wreak.

But the time for that is over and the chance no longer ours;
Now the commons rule and mould us, as the ivy round our towers.

We no more are feudal barons—as our fathers were of yore—
Sunk the power that made us mighty—stranded on a rocky shore.

Soon, too soon, the waves will gather, and the breakers foam and
dash,
Then our ship shall drag her anchor; hie and listen to the crash.

Soon, too soon, the proud descendant; whose fathers conquered
many a field,
Shall not dare to show the blazon of the quarterings on his shield.

Soon, too soon, the lordly castles and their garden scented bowers
And the wooded hills and valleys, shall be freed, no longer ours.

We no more may chase old reynard through the peasant's cul-
tured field;
Lord of it, and of himself, what a baton he will wield.

Ha, methinks that now I see him, proudly, slowly, drive his
kine ;
Through the sweet and flowery arbor, which has sheltered mine
and thine.

Shades of dear departed ladies, can you, will you, suffer this?
With such deeds of desecration, can you even rest in bliss?

These are thoughts that haunt the nobles ; let them lay them well
to heart ;
Now the calm before the storm, hears the brooding omen's part.

Let the lord of hall and castle bear in mind the cotter's right ;
"Smite the selfish chord of self," send it cowering out of sight

Ere the cotters' wrathful rising hydra-headed through the land ;
Prove beyond all chance of scorning, that those halls are built on
sand.

And their right to own their neighbors, but a long forgotten
myth ;
Quite as hollow as the alder when a boy removes its pith.

Kings and queens, lords and ladies, long have lost the right divine
To be worshipped by the nations, now 'tis only mine and thine

And my right as I consider, has a claim as strong as thine;
 And my light upon the hill-top may as bright and clearly shine.

It is time the outworn theories, of a dark and feudal age,
 Should be blotted from the record of the new historian's page.

It is time, "my lord," "my lady" were buried with the lordly past,
 And "your eminence" and "worship" with the obsolete be classed.

And the silly class distinctions, with the glorious march of time,
 Be forgotten in the progress of the beautiful—sublime.

And the vices of the nobles—shameful in the public view—
 Do but hasten the approaches of the period we would woo.

Teachers of the public morals; keepers of the public weal;
 Noble lords! what bright examples, 'tis to you that we appeal.

Appeal to what? your blasted honor? God preserve us from
 such shame.

Trust a Piute—trust a Sioux—on their treachery exclaim.

Trust an Arab of the desert, taste his simple bread and salt,
 He will guard thee with his life-blood; ride until thou bid him
 halt.

Trust the Hindoo, trust the Buddhist, trust the dweller on the
 Nile;

Trust the serpent, trust the adder, those have less of hate and guile

Than the noble dukes and earls who will murder while they smile,
And with hands in both your pockets, like Judas kiss you to beguile.

Yes, pluck the mighty from their places, set the people on the
throne ;

Cincinnatus from his plough should be king, and he alone.

Let the courtesan's bold champion find his level in the dust ;
Though he wear the royal ermine, down he goes and down he
must.

Let the old dead past of worship, paid to brainless titled fools
Be so deeply dead and buried with its formal state and rules

That no after time can wake it ; let it deeply slumber where
The ambition of the mighty leaden lies in dark despair.

Gracious Alfred ! plowmen, shepherds, have been found and still
shall be

Sons of God, and kings of men, such as thou shalt never see.

On that throne which rules your England neither past nor future
time

Yields to England, aught but panders, wittols grace the ruling line.

Sons of God, and kings of men, seldom wear an ermine gown,
'Tis reserved for fools and wantons to don the Purple and the
crown.

Of this kind a goodly number surely England well may boast ;
 From brutal John to beastly Albert, with Bluff Hal the leading
 ghost.

But the hour is fast approaching ; kingdoms, empires, rulers, all
 In the glorious march of freedom hasten onward to their fall.

Down the tyrant yclept master, who would seek to set his heel
 On the necks of those whose fortunes he would confiscate or steal.

Rip the tyrant's vices open, who is he that we should spare ?
 Down with reverence for his crimes, to the world lay them bare.

"Cry your forward," no 'tis backward, downward to the deep
 abyss,
 Albion's rulers have been hastening ; Lo ! the nations at them
 hiss.

Doing their best to charm the worst, to lower the rising of the
 race ;

This their mission, this their calling, ever seeking to debase.

Noble dukes and titled damsels, revel now in shame and crime,
 So that now your English morals are the scandal of the time.

It hath ever been conceded, lust and murder march in brace ;
 Those twin demons have been hunting, winning ever in the race.

These in England shall destroy her faster than dynamic shell—
As an ulcer ever eating, sinking deeper down to hell.

From the power of worldly greatness, England coined herself a
curse;

Nero's Rome, Victoria's Britain—tell me which you think is worse?

Have you sunk below the Romans? Sunk below them? Yes indeed
Romans then with all their vices, public honor held their creed.

When did Britain hold her honor dearer than an ounce of gold?
When was e'er her floating banner raised in mercy o'er a hold

Of a vessel, which perchance, owned a fewer, weaker crew?
Twenty English naval seamen proudly boast of taking two.

But there cometh stormy changes—England now beware the day—
Ireland only asks at present: soon she'll find a surer way.

Long a poor suppliant bending—humbly seeking but her right—
Tired at length of vainly begging—she is now resolved to fight.

For the smoldering fires of hatred, burning in her bosom's core,
Have enkindled rage and madness 'gainst the tyrant at her door.

Have engendered in the peasant, wrathful feelings of revolt;
Feelings ne'er to be forgotten while the bailiff rules the Holt.

Freedom, a magic talisman ; bright her beacon on the hills
Shines through nights of darkest bondage, and effluent beams
distills.

Hope has ever on the banner of the future held her sway ;
And a race enslaved an epoch, well may wait another day.

But there comes an end to all things, and a morn shall surely rise
When the sun of glorious freedom bright shall glisten in the skies.

Evolution--revolution—choose which ever phrase you may—
One or both are surely working; Albion mark the coming day.

Earth so huge, and so extensive, is too small for English greed,
Not so much she'd yield her neighbor as would grow a mustard
seed.

Well, 'tis well that she should learn, though the learning cause her
ruin,

That the rights of other nations be conceded, slow or soon.

Let her listen to the warning, which her own Macaulay spoke;
Though her bridges be of iron and her ships of strongest oak.

Hesper may not always bear her argosies of costly ships,
Laden with the fruits of nations, swelling from the tropics' lips.

Ha, methinks the coming changes now are looming into view—
Hear ye not the trampling chargers, and the clarion sounding too.

Hear ye not the marching footsteps of the soldier in her cause?
Hear ye not the cannon booming? This is not a time to pause.

Freedom's banner proudly bearing, stand and fight beneath its
fold;

Better live one hour in freedom than to grow in bondage old.

Better die to-day in triumph than to live a thousand years,
Only as the bonded minion of the master of your fears.

Better, better, how much better, buried, than the deep disgrace
Of living but to be the vassal of the tyrant you embrace.

England owns no sister, brother, in nations 'neath her yoke,
Vassals all in bondage, wither, while their tyrants o'er them croak.

Rather rise and spurn the tyrant, return to your primal force,
Let not the invader trample on your own and country's corse.

Arise, unseal your people's fetters, animate the subject race;
Stir up feeling, stir up tumult, smite the Briton in the face.

Invade the strongholds of your tyrant, wreak the vengeance that
you owe

To the spoilers of your people, pay with interest blow for blow.

There be those will join your standard when you raise the cry of
war.

Myriads echo back the watchword—hear it sounding from afar.

Shade of Emmett, patient spirit, wait no longer, write thy name
On that shaft so long unlettered—Erin vindicates thy fame.

Yea, her day-star hath arisen; and the so-called English peer
Can no longer forge her fetters; make her cower in abject fear.

Can no longer muzzle truth, “vox populi” now doth reign,
Scourge and hound the titled robbers who have wasted hill and
plain.

Send them where they sent the patriot; make them man the
convict ship;

They the robbers, they the traitors, lash ~~them~~ with the penal whip.

Showed they mercy to the widow, whom the snows of eighty years
Bleached her locks almost as hoary, and as pale she now appears

As the color of the crystals which compose their pearly mass;
And bed-ridden, from her cabin not for twenty years did pass

Until to-day the bailiff moved her at the order of a peer;
Being too poor to pay the pittance of her two-pound-ten a year.

Heated am I? Do you wonder? But I saw the deed I tell;
Which are better, which are nobler, peers on earth or thieves in
hell?

But my lady wants her diamonds, and my lord his Derby Blood;
Master George his dog and mistress, and his yacht to stem the
flood.

And because his great-grandfather robbed an abbey, killed a
monk,
Changed the convent to the castle, he may sport and show his
spunk.

What to him are crippled crones, that for them he should abate
But a little of his pleasures; what cares he about their fate?

Dearer far, and more congenial is the meanest mongrel cur,
That may scamper at his heels while he gives his horse the spur.

Soon the glut of pleasures pall, now his fancy grown more nice,
He will flatter married ladies, crowning act of vilest vice.

This is England of the present, she the pampered, practiced liar,
She the lower ever seeking, by brutal force, to rule the higher.

Brutal force, have you forgotten, that she owns an Oscar Wilde?
Grand expounder of aesthetics, whose disciples all are mild.

Behold in him the future Laureate, now afar he scents the bays,
He will write another Patience, and embellish Shakespeare's plays.

And thyself, oh dulcet prophet ! thou whose warning comes too
late,
Haman hath the ruler's ear like Mordecai sit at the gate.

Here I leave thee but to welcome one whose voice, and tongue
and pen
Have been used to teach the Gospel of true freedom to all men.

Gladstone, GREAT, ALMIGHTY, GLORIOUS! The one true knight
this age hath seen!

Had England but a dozen like thee, sons of God and kings of
men,

She would be the grandest nation ever founded on this earth,
And the meanest of her vassals rejoice in happy home and hearth.

But 'tis craft that ever conquers, and the fox is sure to win ;
By his sneaking and concealing, where the lion ne'er comes in.

Wert thou foxy, cute, and wary, tried to buy a lord or two,
Success would have crowned thy banner, easy work thou'dst have
to do.

Thou hast failed, but we shall never rest, till victory crown our
cause,

Still, we thank thee for the effort thou hast made, to give us laws.

We shall fight until we conquer; might at length shall yield to
right,

Liberty, beloved, we pray thee, to illumine us with light.

Hark the peal that shakes the portal of the English House of
Lords,

Soon its rostrum shall be vacant, nail its windows up with boards.

As there is one God in heaven, let there be one king on earth,
Chosen by the people's will, joyous let us hail his birth.

Welcome, welcome! lo we hail thee happy advent may we e'er
Enjoy the pleasure of thy presence, and retain thee bright and
fair.

Star of freedom, whom we worship with a faith and love sublime,
Ever beam upon our banner, henceforth till the end of time.

Goddess heavenly born, thy pinions poise above our Emerald
shore;

Wake the slumbers of the spirits—who thy voterics were of yore.

Glad the hearts which long in mourning suffered silent and unknown—

Ever praying, ever hoping that thou wouldst to them atone.

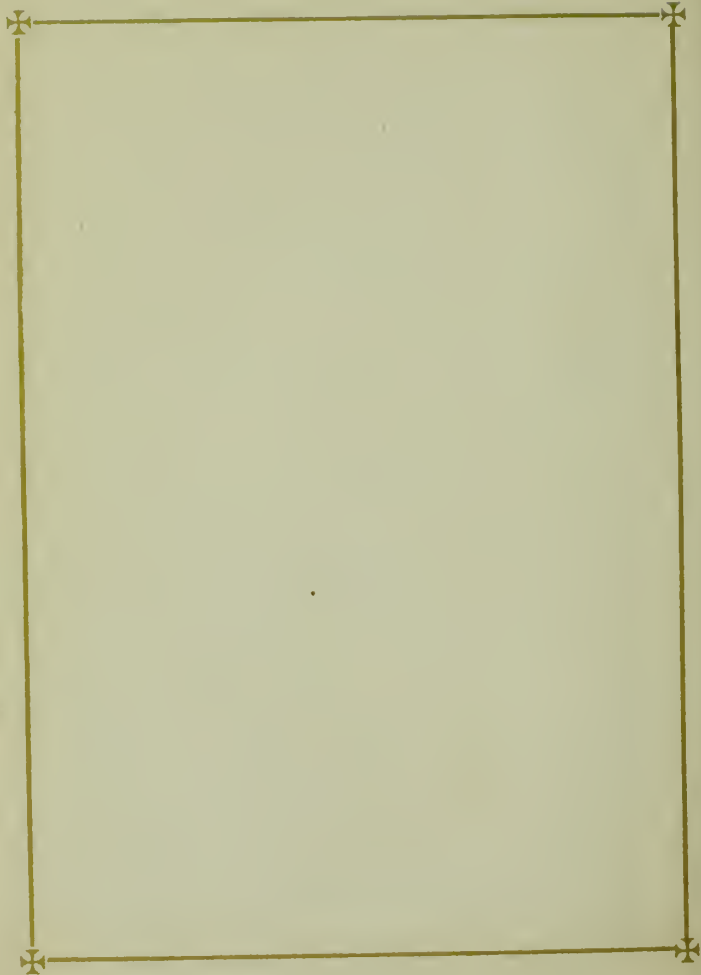
Ne'er forsake us in the future—then whatever else betide—

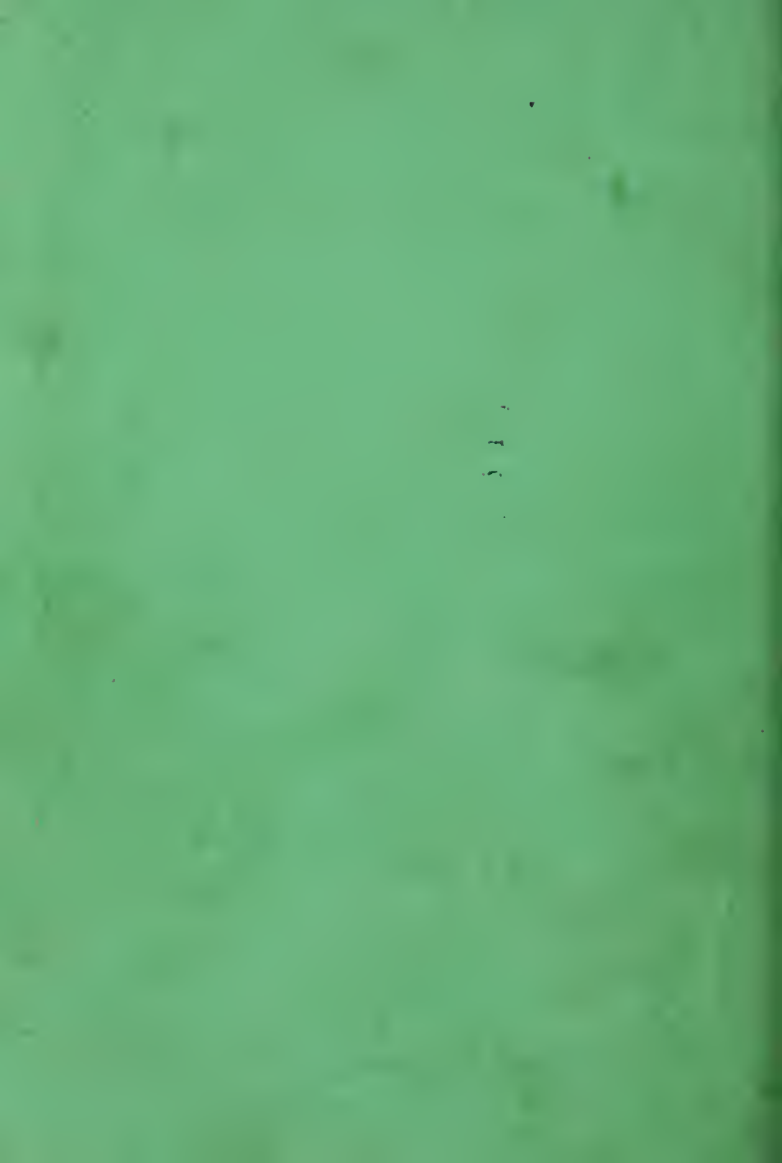
We at least can well endure it, only thou with us abide.

But the dews of eve are dropping and the shades begin to fall;

And dear "Laureate" I must leave you in the bowers of Locksley Hall.







Songs of a Fool and
Other Verses . . .

• • Geraldine Meyrick • •



• • Semi-Monthly Letter

SAN JOSE, CALIF.

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DEDICATION.

Unto all those whose love hath helped to make
Music within my soul. I dedicate
These few stray notes. First unto those who e love
Hath compassed me about from year to year,
Making me strong where else I had been weak,
Making me sing when else I should have wept;
Yet hardly less to those who, passing by,
Have given me a blessing as they passed,
And wished me well; for whether love be long,
Or linger but a moment, either way
It waketh music in the soul beloved.
So, and not otherwise, these songs were made;
Faint echoes of diviner harmony.
O ye, whose love first called them into life,
Accept these songs as token of my love,
For love's sake overlooking all their faults.



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Songs of a Fool.

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK.

*His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"*

Edward Rowland Sill.



SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA:

1895.

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I.

PRELUDE.

Weird of gesture, and strange of speech,
A Fool am I, in motley dressed;
I have no mind for the wise to teach,
No soul, to be banned or blessed;
For the Truth men praise, and the Love men preach
I hold them both a jest.

Merry am I, as one should be
Who serveth a gracious king;
Good meat, good wine, they are never free,
So mirth is the price I bring;
And the wide world's woe it is naught to me,
As loud I laugh and sing.

II.

WASSAIL.

Come, drink a health to Folly,
And all her merry train;
Farewell to Melancholy,
And wit-benumbing Pain;
A Fool's life should be jolly,
Or else he lives in vain.

Let laughter follow laughter,
No sign of sorrow fall;
Shake every beam and rafter,
Make tremble every wall;
For who knows what comes after?
Who knows when Death may call?

We all are Fools together,
Not one of us is wise;
We prophecy the weather,
We lecture on the skies;
To-night we know not whether
The morrow's sun shall rise.

So drink a health to Folly,
And all her merry train;
Farewell to Melancholy,
And wit-benumbing Pain;
A Fool's life should be jolly,
Or else he lives in vain.

III.
REVERIE.

They call me a Fool, and little I know;
Neither whence I came, nor whither I go;
Neither what I am, nor may hope to be,
When time is lost in eternity.

* * * * *

And yet—so long as I dwell upon earth,
There shall not be lacking the sounds of mirth;
For wherever I go comes a gaping crowd,
And whatever I do there is laughter loud;
Laughter that half conceals a sneer,
Though sometimes I fancy it covers a tear.
But little care I, for pity or scorn;
This, only, troubles me: Why was I born,
To be called a Fool, and little to know,
Neither whence I came, nor whither I go,
Neither what I am, nor may hope to be,
When time is lost in eternity.

IV.

MY LADY.

Fain would I paint my Lady as she is;
But that no artist's hand could rightly do,
Far less a Fool's; so here's the best I can.

Glad is my Lady, with the joy that springs
From holy thoughts and hopes; and merry, too,
Knowing that in the end things will go well.
But yet I know that she hath realized,
Hath suffered, as all noble souls must do.
The very utter agonies of life;
Which suffering never wholly leaves her heart,
Making her graver than she else might be.
My Lady is so far above the world,
Its petty meanness cannot touch her soul.
She dreams not of the biting taunts and sneers
That make up more than half a poor Fool's life.
The selfish grasping of the newly rich,
The sordid saving of the hopeless poor,
All the debasing troubles of base hearts,
Are hid from her by her own nobleness.

Words are so weak! Her face, so calmly sweet;
Her gold-brown hair, the sunbeams love so well;
Her eyes, of heaven's blue, that see so far;
All these surpass description. I will keep
Her image in my heart, and honor it
In reverential silence, evermore.

V.

REVELATION.

Would you know the way that my Lady came?

In the midst of a careless crowd I stood,

Re-making old jests that they counted good;

'Twas the way that I earned my livelihood.

When all of a sudden a sense of shame

Startled my soul, set my face a-flame,

And just at that moment my Lady came.

We were on the lawn; 'twas a summer day;

In soft, cool white was my Lady dressed;

My cheeks burned like fire; I felt oppressed;

And my audience, seeing me so distressed,

Laughed louder yet, till I heard one say:

"Silence! My Lady will walk this way."

How the sun does burn on a summer day!

Well, my Lady took pity on me, a Fool,

And she led me away to a quiet glade,

Where slow-growing oaks made a welcome shade,

Then her hand on my shoulder so gently laid,

And showed me a stream with a rocky pool;

And lo! in its depths, serene and cool,

I looked on myself as I was, a Fool!

I looked, and I shuddered. I had been blind;

Had given no guess, when men laughed at me,

My looks, not my wit, had aroused their glee.

Why! my cap and bells were a sight to see.

Now, thanks to my Lady, so wise, so kind,

A part of my folly is left behind—

I still **am** a Fool, but no longer blind.

VI.
SONGS.

When e'er my Lady smiles on me,
It seems as if the world grew bright
With sudden glory; earth and sea
Swim in a golden flood of light;
And nothing common seems, nor vile,
Illumined by my Lady's smile.

When e'er my Lady deigns to speak,
The world, methinks, must needs rejoice;
The nightingale grow still and meek,
Hearing the music of her voice;
And when to me her speech is given,
I deem myself not far from heaven.

It is not true that love is blind.
The soul that loveth well can see
Away into eternity;
And if it looketh not behind,
Nor heedeth much the things that are,
'Tis but because it sees so far;
Love is not blind, love is not blind.

VII.

LOVE OFFERED.

I dare not say I am wholly thine,
 Though so intense my love;
I may not give what is not mine,
And e'en a Fool hath a soul divine,
Marked with a seal and a holy sign
 As belonging to God above.

But all I have, unto thee I bring,
 To keep, or to cast away;
A song, as sweet as a Fool can sing;
Love, that is pure as a white dove's wing;
Humble, indeed, is the offering
 I have laid at thy feet to-day.

VIII.

MY LADY AND I.

My Lady and I went walking one day,
In the early Autumn, when days grow cool;
My Lady was beautiful, bright and gay;
And I—well, I was a Fool.

As we stood on a cliff, with the sea below,
There were fleecy clouds in the sky above;
And I—I was only a Fool; you know,—
I tried to tell her my love.

I remember, well, that the skies were blue,
Yet the wind from the North came somewhat cool,
As my Lady laughed. What else could she do,
Since I was only a Fool?

And I know, had she acted otherwise,
Left the holy height upon which she was born,
And come down to me,—in sudden surprise
My love would have turned to scorn.

Ah yes! I am sure it was better so;
Much better for her that she laughed, unmoved;
As for me, though still but a Fool, you know,
I am wiser for having loved.

IX.

LOVE SCORNE.

I cast my love at my Lady's feet;
 With a look of scorn she passed it by,
 And left it there, to wither and die,—
The love I had found so strangely sweet.

But I looked at it, lying low in the dust,
 And thought of the joy it had brought to me;
 Then hid it away, where none might see,
And bade it live on, as true love must.

Deep hid in my heart from each curious eye,
 Like a quiet monk of the olden days,
 Forever it chanteth my Lady's praise
Though she heedeth not if it live or die.

X.

IN THE NIGHT.

Why was I born? Did God look on the earth,
See its great pain, and its endless woe
Then, to relieve mankind with mirth,
Make me a Fool from the day of my birth?
Should I murmur if that were so?

Is it worth the trouble of life, the pain,
Constant and keen, just to bring a smile
Into tear-worn eyes? Has my life been vain?
Often I ask, now it's on the wane,
Has it really been quite worth while?

Yea. God is wise, and He placed me here,
E'en as I am, a Fool, a jest.
And a thorough Fool I have been! 'Tis clear
No piece of folly was shirked! What fear
Need I feel, having done my best?

XI.

DAWN.

It will not last alway. A change will come;
This weary soul will fall asleep one night,
These stamm'ring lips will someshort while be dumb,
Then wake to utter truth; a holy light
Will brighten these dull, foolish eyes of mine,
And I shall stand erect, a soul divine.

A soul divine! A feeble Fool no more,
But one of God's own angels. Ah, that day
Is long in coming; distant is the shore
I long so much to reach, and hard the way
I needs must travel; yet I will not fear;
A Fool, I know but this, that God is near.

XII.

SENT FORTH ON ERRAND HIGH.

When first the King's word came to me, that I
Should cross the sea, bearing to foreign lands
Tokens of his good will, and high esteem—
When first, I say, his message came to me,
I marvelled somewhat that the King should jest
With such solemnity. But none the less,
I laid aside my cap and bells, and all
The livery of foolishness; washed out
The ghastly, painted smile that mocked my thoughts,
Then went and bowed myself before the King.

"Sire, I am prepared to go," I said,
"Wherever thou shalt bid." He, kindly eyed,
Laid his white hand upon my hair, and spake
"Because I see that love has touched thine heart,
And because whoso loveth is no fool,
Therefore I charge thee, lay aside thy jests;
And gravely, as becomes a man who wears
This token of his sovereign's love and trust,
Carry my greetings where I may not go."

With that, he placed upon my trembling hand
A signet ring. And then,—I know not what
Followed, except that faces crowded round,
And many grasped my hand, and wished me well.
But, all the time, I only saw one face,
Radiantly fair, and only heard one voice,
As low my Lady murmured: "Have no fear,
But trust thyself as others trust in thee."

XIII.
AT SEA.

Fall fast, O rain.
Lift up your crests, ye seas.
And wail, O stormy wind,
Across the strand.
I, also, am in pain,
Restless and ill at ease,
Because I leave behind
My native land.

Be still, wild heart.
Why shouldst thou thus complain
Of what is done for thee
By those who rule?
Hard it is, now, to part;
Sweet to return again,
Knowing that thou shalt be
No more a Fool.

I will not fear.
Since 'tis my Lady's will,
Since 'tis my King's behest
That I should leave
All that I hold most dear,
Hard though the task be, still,
Knowing that they know best,
I will not grieve.

XIV.

A FOOL'S BENEDICTION.

That day you held my life in your hand,
To make, or mar, as pleased you best,
And laughed to find it at your command,
Did you think my love a jest?

Nay, for your life was not unkind;
You took my soul, such a senseless clod,
You touched the eyes, before so blind,
And showed me the living God.

You found me deaf, so sang a song
That thrilled my being until I heard;
You saved the soul, that was going wrong
For want of a warning word.

So when I hear the thing that's true,
And see the thing that's pure and fair,
I praise you, well as a Fool can do,
And loud as a Fool may dare.

XV.

AT EVENTIDE.

My heart cries out for thee at eventide,
When the glad sunlight fadeth from the west ;
And all my soul is filled with strange unrest ;
I long for thee, and care for naught beside,
At eventide.

Alone I look upon the evening star ;
'T was thou first taught me all its perfect grace.
And now,—I stand alone in this strange place,
Where thou hast never been. Thou art so far,
Mine evening star.

Thou art mine evening star ; so pure, so bright,
So altogether holy. My poor love
Scarce toucheth thee, thou art so far above ;
Yet is my soul all radiant with thy light,
So pure, so bright.

XVI.

LOVE IN EXILE.

I ask not praise; and yet, if you should say
My life, so far, had not been all in vain,
I fancy I could go upon my way
Toward the grave, nor feel the bitter pain

That now eats out my heart. I ask not love;
Yet if, just once, you kissed my aching brow
And said: "Dear heart!" while stars shone out above,
Why, I might be less sorrowful than now.

Alone I walk, on barren, wind-swept hills,
Where neither love nor praise my soul can know.
Well, I must be content with what God wills,
Nor leave the path whereon He bade me go.

XVII.

LAMENTATION.

Only one year has passed, a long, sad year,
Since I, from foreign lands, came to my home;
Scarce knowing why I came, save that I yearned
To see again my Lady's perfect grace,
To hear, once more, her voice, so dearly loved—
Ah, woe is me, how silent is the tomb!
Somewhat I longed, beside, to see the King;
Somewhat I hoped, perhaps, to win his praise,
Seeing I brought him that which he had sought,
The friendship of great kings beyond the sea.
Too clearly now his praises come to me,
Like bridal bells that mock a funeral train.

All unannounced I came into the Court.
No warder stood without the castle gate,
No courtiers, gaily dressed, thronged through the halls,
But all was echoing emptiness and woe.
Sudden the deep-toned chapel bell rang out,
And swiftly to the chapel did I go,
Fearful of some strange grief. Before the door
Kneeled a vast crowd; lords, ladies, serving men
And maidens, all in tears and misery.
Through them I pushed my way. What lay beyond?
A nameless terror seized upon my soul.
Fast to the front I strode, and lo! the King,
The Queen, most gracious, and a hundred knights,
With bowed heads, kneeled upon the stony floor,
Weeping and praying. And, in front of them,
O fairest face! O sinless soul! I saw
An open coffin, and within it lay,
So calm, so still, like to a carven stone,
My Lady. Oh, so very calm and still,
Even the cry of agony which rose
Straight from my wounded heart, aroused her not.

Why did they silence me, and lead me thence?
Never my soul cried out to her in vain.
She did not hear me, that first time I cried.
A little patience, and she would have heard;
A little patience, and she would have smiled,
And said the word that it was best to say.

To-day the grass is green above her grave;
To-day wild roses, sweetest violets,
With birds that gaily sing, make glad the vale
Wherein she sleeps. But not at all my grief
Lessens or fades.

Wonder ye why I weep?

Because my Lady's gentle voice is hushed,
Because her so fair face is seen no more,
The world to me is all a dreary waste.
O Lady of my love! My guiding star!
The one light of my life! Since thou art gone,
Darkness has overtaken all the earth,
And in the gloom my spirit faints and falls.

XVIII.

LOVE RECOMPENSED.

" If it should chance that he should mourn for me
Longer than others ; or if, any way,
He showeth that he loveth, give to him
This message Death hath made me bold to speak :
*Dear, I have loved thee long. And now—I go
Whither no mortal knows. Yet do not grieve.
I have but gone before a little way.
Beyond the barriers of flesh and sense,
My doubts, thy follies, passed and overcome,
We two shall surely meet, and surely know
The perfect bliss that comes of perfect love.*"

Such words my Lady spake unto the Queen
Upon the very day her soul took flight.
Such words the Queen has spoken unto me
To-night, beneath the stars ; after a year
Of doubt, of desolation and despair,
Had proved me true, deserving of her trust.
Yea here, upon the eypress-circled lawn
Where first my Lady came to me, I heard
The last words she had uttered upon earth.

I, who had hoped for naught, received so much !
The promise of her love ! O stars that shine ;
O fleecy clouds fast floating o'er the sky ;
O moaning trees, that lift high arms to heaven ;
O steadfast hills, unmoved witnesses
Of such great happiness ; witness this too :
That here and now my spirit doth resolve
To prove full worthy of my Lady's love !

THE END.

Other Verses.

MORNING.

'T is dawn; the voices of the night are stilled,
The voices of the day have not yet come.
Above, the glory of the stars is dimmed,
A soft gray light is over land and sea.
But, even as I look, the sun's flame burns
The East to sudden red; swift, golden rays
Shoot upward, bright precursors of the orb
That follows fast; then, from one small brown bird,
Who sits and sways upon the pine tree's top,
There falls a flood of song; so sweet, so clear,
It seems as if an angel leaned from heaven
And touched his harp. Thus sweetly doth he sing,
Till all his mates are wakened and sing too,
Wrapping the earth in boundless melody.
So is the new day born, midst hymns of praise,
And the sweet incense of most perfect sound.

Swiftly the scene has changed; the sea that lay
In misty slumber one short moment since,
Now gleams and glistens in the sun's glad light.
And look, a white sail dances o'er the waves,
Bearing brave fishers, who have toiled since eve,
To home and rest. The hills, that looked before
Like darker clouds the sun would soon disperse,
Now show their outlines sharp against the sky;
Only in sheltered valleys, here and there,
The soft white mist lingers a little while.
Too soon the birds grow still, and common sounds,
The crow of cocks, the hum of busy bees,
Perchance the gentle lowing of the cows
Calling the sleepy milkers from their beds,
Proclaim the world awake. Night hath flown far
Beyond the seas, and every living thing
Gives welcome to the glory of the day.

EVENING.

The earth is hushed, for it is eventide.
As yet there are no stars, nor hath the moon,
Endymion's one love, yet deigned to show
Celestial face unto the waiting world.
There are no sounds, save one weird night-bird's call,
And one lone cricket's chirp; all else is still.
Even the grasses cease their rustling sigh,
And bow their heads as if they thought of God.

But lo! the South breathes gently, and her breath,
Sweet with the scent of flowers, bears with it
Faint echoes of a distant vesper bell.
The spell is o'er. From out the deepening blue
One silver star shines forth; then, far away,
The other side of heaven's wide domain,
Rises the moon. The grasses lift their heads
To whisper: "She hath come." Flowers that sleep
Sway to and fro, half waking from their dreams,
And offer up sweet incense to their Queen.
A thousand trivial sounds now greet the ear;
Soft, fitful breezes stir the cool, green leaves;
The mystery of night is o'er the earth.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

Dark is the earth; but all the western sky
Is bright with sunset tints, and in the east
The full orb'd moon is rising; while between
The two horizons, some few silver stars
Appear and disappear amid the blue.

* * * * *

Dark is the earth; and oh! so dark the way
Wherein I walk! But through the gloom my soul
Looks up to where the lights of heaven shine;
The light of Love, a gleam of reddened gold;
The light of Truth, calm as the placid moon;
And 'twixt the two, the scattered, changeful lights
Of great souls gone from earth to shine above,
And come and go about the throne of God.

A PROTEST.

"To-day will die to-morrow,
Time stoops to no man's lure."

Swinburne.

"To-day will die to-morrow." So he says
Who weaveth words all wondrously; yet I
Can call to memory unnumbered days
That through unnumbered ages shall not die.

And c'en he adds: "Time stoops to no man's lure."
Too easily flows on the facile line;
Here also, Bard, thy saying was not sure;
Why, there are even flower-like songs of thine

That shall with subtle sweetness so beguile
The ancient Mower, that his scythe must be
Turned from them; some may live but little while;
A few have blossomed for eternity.

With deathless yesterdays the world is filled;
Their influence on every hand we find;
Days whose vast meaning through the world hath
thrilled
Shaping the destiny of all mankind.

And many men have lured Time to halt,
And stayed Oblivion; some, more daring yet,
Defying Time with sudden, sharp assault,
On heights of deathless fame their names have set.

Ah! thou wast weary when that song was sung;
Weary of days and men, desires and dreams;
Else had thy tuneful note more truly rung,
And told of Life that is, not Death that seems,

INSPIRATION.

The time has not yet come! I fain would sing
A song should rouse men from their shameful rest,
And set them marching; make the laggard spring
Quick to his feet, seeking the thing that's best,
Whate'er it be, stern Truth, or gracious Love.
But till the hour shall come, no strength is mine;
I wait a signal from the Power above,
I wait an echo of the Voice divine.
Until that echo sound, I can but wait,
Nursing in silence all my love and hate;
Love of the good, deep hate of every wrong,
These shall increase until they rise to song;
Then louder, clearer, than a trumpet-blast,
My voice shall rouse the sleeping world at last.

TO A FRIEND.

Across the land, across the sea,
This letter swiftly speeds, dear friend ;
A white-winged witness unto thee
Of love, that, through eternity,
Shall never alter, never end.

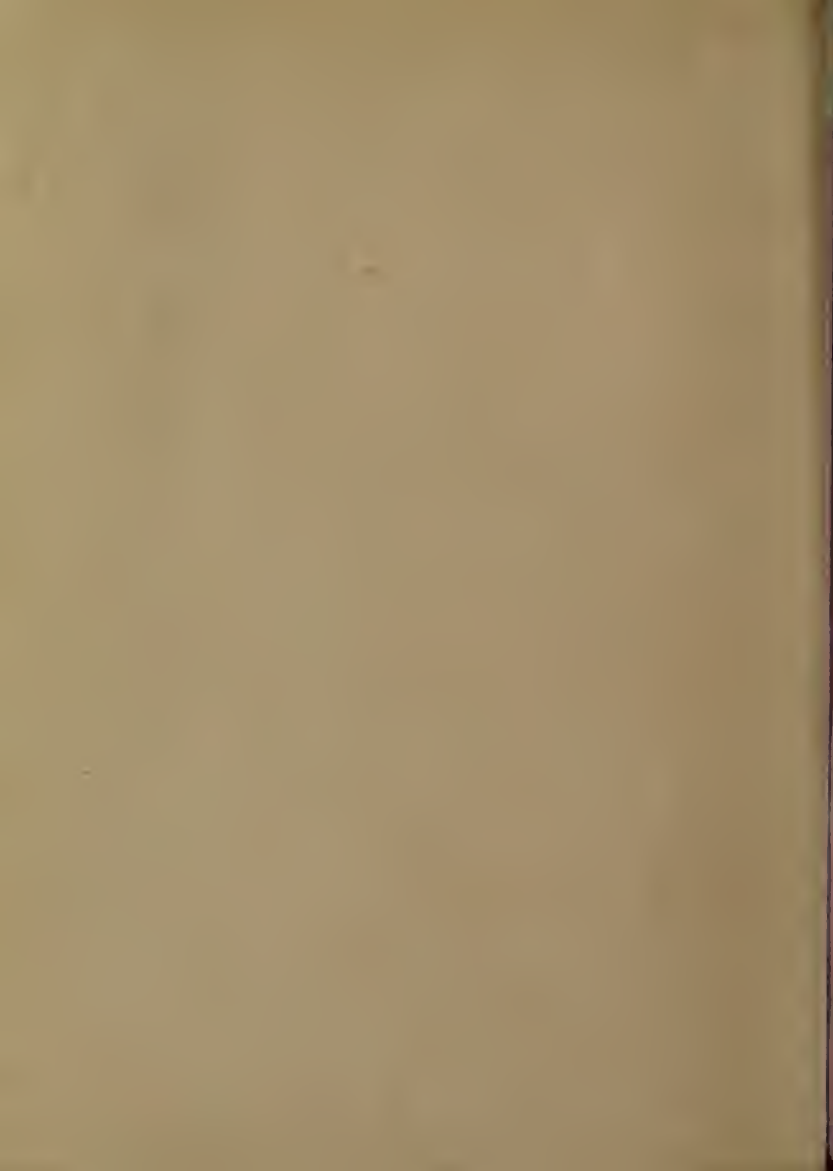
Though for so short a time we met,
Think not the meeting was in vain ;
I have no fear lest you forget—
Our feet toward one goal are set,
And we shall surely meet again.

Somewhat apart our lives must be ;
Thou fain wouldst know ; I fain would love ;
I long to feel, whilst thou wouldst see,
The deeply hid Divinity
That thrills the world and makes it move.

By different ways we seek one end ;
Which way is best I cannot tell ;
But now, while still apart, dear friend,
This letter unto thee I send,
To let thee know I love thee well.

SANTA CRUZ.

As oft, in days of chivalry, a knight
Upon his shield would grave his Lady's name,
And bear it ever with him in the fight,
That, if his valor should achieve him fame,
Where'er his praise was told, 'twould added be:
"To such a maiden he avowed his love,
As being worthy;" so I, loving thee,
Fair Santa Cruz, with thy blue skies above,
Thy flowing streams, and hill-encircled sea;
Would fain so weave thy name into my song
That they might never wholly parted be;
But if my verses chanced to please the throng,
No one could doubt that 'twas thy loveliness
Lent unto them such grace as they possess.



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POETICAL SELECTIONS

JOHN FRASER, A. M.

Presented to

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Chicago.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

From the pen of the late

JOHN FRASER, A. M.,

Professor of English Literature, Chicago University.



CHICAGO:

DONALD FRASER, 85 Washington Street.

1889.

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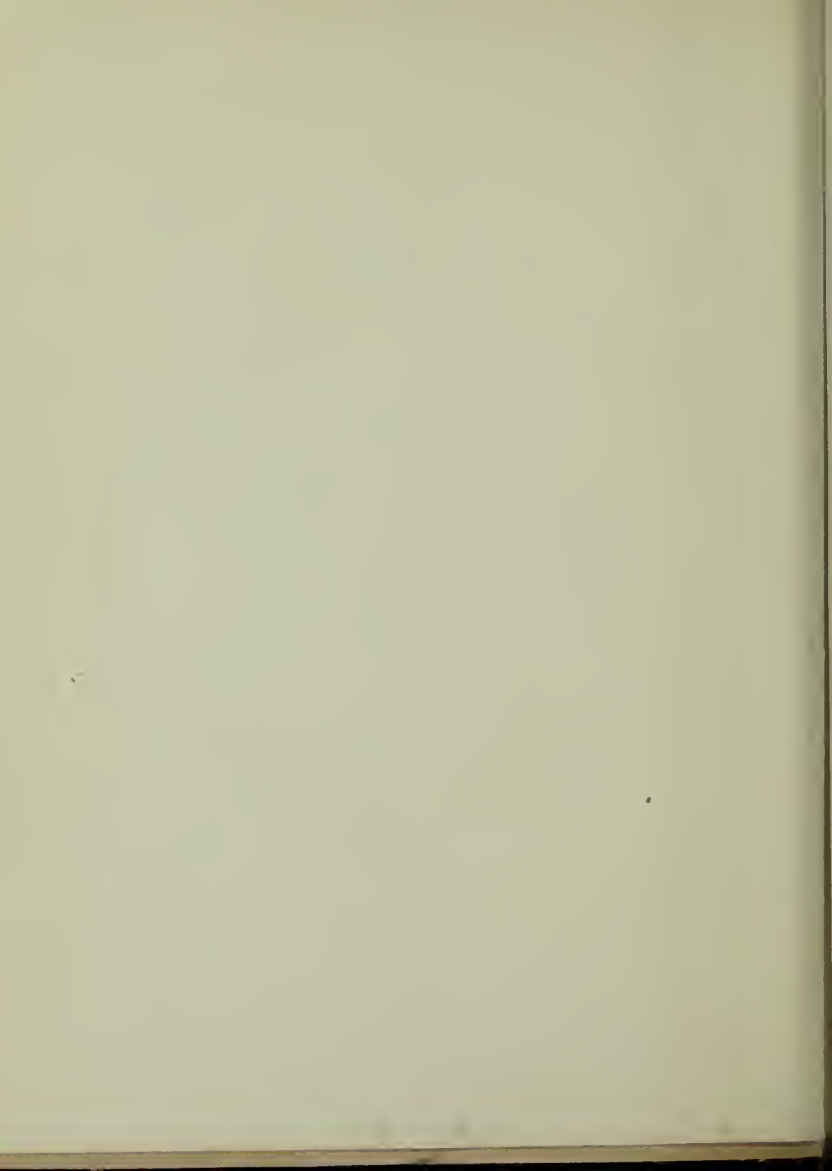
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PREFACE.

These verses recall so many friends and so many hopes allied with the brightest period of my brother's life that I hesitate to launch them on a Critical Public, knowing that in the Author's own estimation they were only fit to fill a space in magazine or daily paper. To myself personally each poem is an idyll fragrant with the perfume of the wild thyme or bonnie blooming heather, the melody of the cascades roar or the *whish* of the ocean waves in our highland home, *when we were boys together*.

Some day it may be my privilege to tell in my own way the story of "Cui Bono" or "Love and the Lily;" meantime, at the request of my Brother's Chicago friends and students, I select these few verses from his portfolio—and with his own dedication to her who left friends and country for his sake—wish them God speed.

DONALD FRASER.

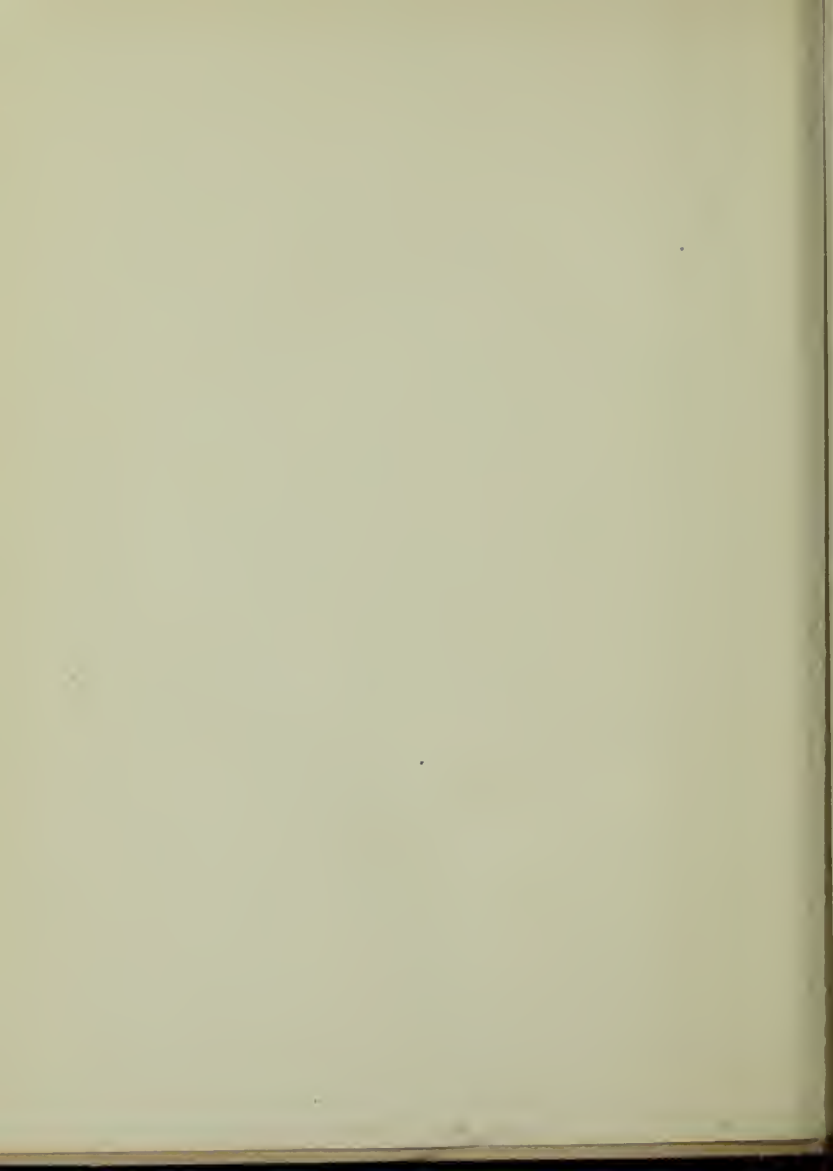


TO MY SISTER.

Dear Sister! more to me by far
Than many kin-tied sisters are,
Who—racked by all those myriad cares
Of which the world is unawares;
Oft pained by sickness, never strong,
Yet always lenient to the wrong—
Art ever patient with the weak,
With anxious heart but laughing cheek—
Take thou this parting gift from him
Whose eyes kind thoughts of thee make dim,
While he thus vainly tries t' express
How much he owes thy saintliness.

JOHN FRASER.

Chicago, 1885.



?

From Love to Verse; I never knew
Till Love stepped kindly in to show it?
That as you must acknowledge true,
I was intended for a poet.
And so I wrote, though all unbid,
These verses which you now construe;
And now I don't know why I did,
Do you?

FIRST LOVE.

Love, full-orbed love—the perfect love that kills
All care, all thought in an ecstatic death,
Filling the empty hours with dreamy joy
Comes once,—no more,—to these poor hearts of ours.
Fresh loves may rise,—the old may vanish quite,
Another form may fill the vacant shrine,
And re-illumine with splendor of dark eyes
The empty heart,—another little hand
Flutter in thine, and thou on rosy lips
Learn once again to linger tremblingly—
But perfect love shall visit thee no more.
Tho' loves be pleasant, and the latter love
In its own way may give a joy as deep,
Yet hath the freshness vanished—love has less
Of that fine sense of all-pervading joy
That thrilled the lover 'till he felt as God,
And with a splendid selfishness forgot
All care and joy and issues of life and death
In that supreme and all-absorbing love.

LOVE AND THE LILY.

In costliest vase, the ashes of her heart
I placed, some solace for my grief to find;
And in the springtime, lo! there did upstart,
A lily—perfectest of lily kind.

And I did tend it, watering it with tears;
Nursed it as mother her first-born, and sought
To wring from out the unavailing years,
Surcease of sorrow and release from thought.

And so it grew in beauty, hour by hour,
Reflecting the white radiance of *her* soul,
Till all the world admired the lovely flower
That slowly ripened to the perfect whole.

And thus it flourished, 'till one summer morn,
A fresh love caught my fancy—a new face;
My sorrow died, for love doth sorrow scorn,
And a new passion did the old displace.

And we were married; and I sought the flower,
To show it to the woman I had wed;
And lo! the lily, born of sun and shower,
From out the ashes of *her* heart, was dead.

Remembrance may recover,
And time bring back to time,
The name of your first lover,
The ring of my first rhyme,
But rose leaves of December
The frosts of June will fret,
The day that you remember
The day that I forget.

CUI BONO?

I.

The big rain beats upon a weltering sea
That maketh moan along the barren shore,
Round cliff and headland do the fierce winds roar,
And toss the tremulous spindriff far alee.
Far up the heights the screaming sea-gulls fly,
They wheel and charge, and beaten back re-form,
And wage fierce gladsome battle with the storm.
Not so one poor wee bird whose sharp small cry
Proclaims the agony of its timid heart,
As now with many a furtive little start
It feebly strives the windy heights to soar;
The rude wind blows it back upon the shore,
Where beat upon by storm and rain it lies,
And lets its life out in small plaintive cries.

II.

So, mid a hurricane of doubt and fear,

And sins that mar, and pleasures that make sad,
And empty longings that bring sad death near,

And want of faith that driveth strong men mad,
I strive in all th' impulsiveness of youth

By many vows, and broken sobs and sighs,
To win the shining Table-land of Truth,

And cleave a path thro' unbelief and lies.

Ah! foolish heart that in the effort dies!

And weak resolves that have not strength to reach

The calm, still height, but by each sudden gust

Of shameless passion that hath end in dust,

Are blown back beaten on the barren beach!

O Lord! look down in pity—Lord! look down,

And with thy smile chase all the storm away,

And give me faith to see the perfect day,

And give me strength to win unto the crown.

Look down in pity, Lord! dear Lord! on me,

Poor erring thing whom little doubts appal.

Weak heart, that hath not any faith at all,

But gropeth feebly in the dark for Thee.
Nay, rather, Lord forgive me that I pray,
Who am so worthless and so weak withal,
In pitiful low depths of shame I bow,
Poor thing of faint resolve and brittle vow,
I cannot, dare not pray to Thee at all,
Too great, O God! too great and good art Thou!

TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Winter has come, the birds have fled;
Their leaves the red-lipped roses shed;
But in thy crystal throat, Christine,
Perpetual summer lurks unseen;
For sleeps therein, in shine or hail,
The perfect-throated nightingale;
While on thy lips the roses lie
That live when all their sisters die.

—*Scribner's Monthly*, 1872.

HORACE EPODE XVI.

- Another age by war is worn away
And Rome herself works out her own decay.
Rome—whom nor neighb'ring nations leagued in arms,
Nor Porsena—with insolent alarms,
5 Nor Spartacus, nor Capua's rival might,
Nor faithless Gaul could muster in the fight
The blue-eyed youth—in fierce Germania nursed,
And Hannibal, by every parent cursed,
Vainly essayed *what we condemned shall cause*
10 The ruin of our Country and her laws,
Then shall wild beasts this land of ours possess,
And rude Barbarians *madden'd by success*
With sounding hoof shall smite the blacken'd stones;
And—sight of horror!—even the sacred bones,
15 Of this great city's founder they shall spurn,
Till now uninjured in the silent urn
Some who might a nobler part have played
May wish to learn these evils to evade.

Let all be guided by the wandering breeze
 20 And sail at will across the summer seas,
 So the Phocæans fled, and flying swore
 They would revisit their fair lands no more,
 And left their temples and their homes for aye
 To greedy boars and ravenous wolves a prey.
 25 To this, or to some better scheme agree,
 Why such delay to sail across the sea?
 First let us swear we shall return no more
 Till stones shall float,—nor to our father's shore
 Resail, till Po the mountain summits sweep,
 30 And Appenine be settled in the deep.
 Till such a lust the lower beasts unite,
 That hinds in tigers, kites in doves delight;
 Herds view the tawny lion—terror free,
 Sleek he-goats gambol in the briny sea.
 35 To these and all that may prevent return
 We swear; and thus let such as nobly burn
 With thoughts above the reach of common mind
 Departing, leave the ignoble herd behind.
 Ye brave! home-longings banish evermore,

10 And sail with me beyond the Tuscan shore,
World-kissing seas await—to bear from this
To yonder happy plains and isles of bliss,
Where harvests grow upon the unploughed field
And unpruned vines their purple clusters yield;
45 Where olive blossoms woo the summer breeze
And purple figs adorn their native trees;
Where honey from the hollow oak distils,
And bounding waters murmur from the hills;
Where she-goats bring their udders to the pails
50 Quitting without constraint the gloomy vale—
Nor evening-bears the sheep-folds growl around,
Nor poisonous vipers swell the rising ground.
There shall no heat excessive blast the grain,
Nor rainy East lay waste the yellow plain.
55 The King of Gods preserves the golden mean,
Here has no ship of Argos ever been;
Nor ever dared to set her magic seat
The foul Medea in this glad retreat—
No merchant ship has sailed within our view,
60 No wise Ulysses with his toiling crew;

Though herds of cattle no contagions spread,
Nor summer suns their scorching influence shed—
Great Jove—while yet the world was in her prime,
And steeped in beauty in the youth of Time,
65 This land prepared for pious men of old,
When first with brass he stained the age of gold,
To iron harden'd,—whence escape shall be
To such as Freedom love and follow me.

—1865.

“AULD LANG SYNE.”

I.

Dear Nelly! an' tae write the name
It gars my heart-strings birl;
'Tis years ago since first I met
The darling, fawn-eyed girl.
“An' seas atween us braid hae roared,”
Wi' mony a sun's decline,
Since we thegither sang the song
O' “Auld Lang Syne.”

II.

Ae Simmer nicht; I mind it weel,
Ayont the auld kirk door,
We sat and talked—did she and I,
An' told our story o'er.
An' clasped each ither, bried tae bried
In ane embrace divine,
Nor thocht there'd come a day we'd mourn
For "Auld Lang Syne."

III.

But poisoned tongues there cam' between,
An killed her faith in me,
An planted scorn within that heart
Where only love should be.
But a' the same, I loe her still,
Though she my love decline,
An' fondly think o' when we sang
Thegither "Auld Lang Syne."

TO ELIZA.

The sun shines fair on sea and land,
The birds sing blithe on ilka tree,
And thro' the gouden sheaves o' corn
My true love comes a' wooing me;
And sang o' bird, and shimmer o' sun
Are sweet to hear, and fair to see,
Sweet to hear, and fair to see!
A bonnier world there couldna' be!

The sun shines fair on sea and land,
The birds sing blithe on ilka tree,
But thro' the gouden sheaves o' corn
My love shall come no more to me.
And sang o' bird, and shimmer o' sun
I canna' thole to hear or see.
Misery, oh misery!
This world is all too bright for me!

AFTER MANY YEARS.

I.

An! with what other heart and other hope
All eager for the strife,
I saw slow stealing up far hill and cope
The dust and smoke of life.
Then all my spirit with a proud disdain
Went ever forth in song,
The warm young blood shot tingling through each vein,
Full, even-pulsed, and strong.
A fierce ambition, like a mighty wind,
Swept sudden o'er my soul,
I too should mingle in the fight, and find
The ever longed-for goal.

II.

I fought—I conquered, and the years have fled
With much that made life sweet,
And youth lies buried and fair loves lie shed
Like spilt wine at my feet.

I hardly care to grasp the world-sought prize,
 Mine after many years,
Nor joy it brings nor sudden glad surprise,
 But pitiful sad tears.
Oh vanished loves! fair faces sorrow-stained!
 And pure regard for truth!
Take, cruel years! what glory I have gained,
 Give back one hour of youth!
I gave up love, with much I now hold best,
 For *this*—how dearly bought!
A passionate yearning after perfect rest.
 Rest and *release from thought*.

War and Love are strange compeers,
War sheds blood and love sheds tears.

AMOR VINCIT.

Poor?—nay, not poor—the joy of worlds is mine:
The beauty and the wealth of land and sea,
The splendour of the darkness, and the shine,
Are all for me.

The ever-shifting glory of the sky,
The pale, wan moon with all her starry train,
Deep rivers making glad great fields of rye
And golden grain.

Spring, with her singing birds and glad green leaves,
Soft Summer, strewing rosebuds at my feet,
Hoar Autumn garnering his last ripe sheaves
With odours sweet.

The music of the woodland, and the joy
In all things fair and goodly and divine,
Dim forms and fancies cherished when a boy—
All these are mine.

The wealth of all the ages that have fled,
The hope of all the ages yet to come,
Immortal memories of the mighty Dead,
For ever dumb.

Songs, that have charmed the ages in their flight,
Fair faces, that have made all men their slaves,
Legends of nameless heroes, that make bright
Forgotten graves.

Wealth of great minds, treasures of antique lore,
With weight whereof the wearied ages groan,
The birthright of the centuries—yea more—
Are all mine own.

Yea more—sweet girl!—in those dear eyes of thine
I read a love that makes all these seem small,
Oh! heart that beats in unison with mine,
More thou than all!

For love made smooth the roughest steep I trod,
And love made sweet what else were sour indeed,
And love went ever with me like a God
In hour of need.

PARAPHRASE OF JUVENAL—S. X.

Lines 146 to 158.

- Scant difference there be 'tween Kings and Knaves,
When both alike have moulded in their graves,
The great Napoleon and the drummer boy,
An equal fortune in the grave enjoy—
5 Of all the conquests of his short-lived day
What has the great Despoiler ta'en away?
He stripped the world, and now bestripp'd in turn
Bequeaths to France an interest in his urn.
These scanty ashes are what now remain
10 Of him who viewed his country with disdain
And madly by a large ambition whirl'd
Essayed in vain the conquest of the world.
The dusky Africans his vengeance feel,
Till driven back before our British steel,
15 To those fair lands that on the Yssil lie,
Hight Austria next he turn'd a greedy eye;

- At Austerlitz he tore her banner down,
And Jena added Prussia to his crown.
He clomb the Pyrenees and conquered Spain
20 Nor could the Alps his onward march restrain.
Mid thunder-crash, hail-storm and fitful gleams
Of hurried lightning—th' eagled—banner streams;
With blare of trump and sound of drum he crossed,
And the fair plains of Lombardy are lost.
25 One other fight or e'er the flag be furled,
And France acknowledge Mistress of the world,
He fought the fight—and lost it; from our gun
Like meanest hireling see the hero—run!
- Died he as love the gallant brave to die?
30 'Mid clash of arms, and smoke and battle-cry?
His ears still ringing with war's wildest strain,
And her mad glory tingling every vein?
Not so—but on a rock removed afar
From all the pomp and panoply of war,
35 A helpless man who has outlived his day,
His life, inglorious, he sighed away.

- The youthful hero views with proud disdain
The petty globe that would his soul restrain;
Lo, St. Helena holds Him in retreat,
40 Who erst the world half-shouldered from her seat.
And to him—what she could his Country gave—
Enough of Earth to serve him for a grave—
Great—men are called—in politics and war,
But, ah! Death shows how very small they are.
- 45 Go! soaring fool and cross the Alps to please
Applauding schoolboys and by deeds like these
(O grand fulfilment of a glorious dream!)
Become the subject of a College theme.

AUTUMN.

I love the Season when the corn-fields bright
Are reaped and gathered in.
I love the Season when the low sun's light
Is sifted pale and thin.
When the clear atmosphere is purely bright,
The turbid heat gone by;
When winds are cool, and the thin curl-clouds white
Hang deep within the sky.
The labouring circle of the year is done,
And rest is come for all;
The weary winds have well-nigh ceased to run,
The last red leaves to fall.
And when the gentle day is gently sped,
The Moon comes out on high,
Full, silvery, round, a queen in the Sun's stead
Within the tranquil sky.
And heaven and earth beneath her glances glow
With magic misty light,

She floats in blue, with Jupiter below,
The planet most of might.
And meditation lifts her grave bold eye,
And with suspended breath
Thinks almost to have found in musings high
The keys of life and death.

LET'S LOVE WHILE LOVE WE MAY.

The year is fast a-dying
The while we laugh and sing,
And Time is swiftly flying
With Summer on its wing.
The flowers wade deep in dew, love,
Spring doth not last for aye,
While yet these hearts beat true, love,
Let's love while love we may.

As we, my girl, grow older,
 This face will lose its charm,
Divided hearts grow colder,
 While wedded hearts keep warm.
These locks will soon be grey, girl,
 These roses pale and die,
The gods abide for aye, girl,
 So do not you and I.

But give, sweet heart, the keeping
 Of thy young self to me,
And the years we'll set a-sleeping,
 And the world we'll let a-be.
I do not plead in vain, love,
 You will not say me nay—
Ho! let the Seasons wane, love,
 And love while love we may.

GENERAL GRANT.

Toll for the mighty dead!

A noble life hath sped,

A noble spirit fled—

Grant is no more.

Disease and anguish past,

The hero sleeps at last

Where pains no shadows cast,

Life's fever o'er.

Never less dead than now,

The country's saviour thou,

To whom her people bow

A common head.

In war, magnificent,

Thy chiefest victory went

To heal the bloody rent!

Let this be said:

That since the world began
Has lived not any man
Whose thoughts less selfward ran,
Or in the hour
Of victory supreme
More generous proved; fit theme
For high poetic dream
Or painter's power.

And, therefore, is it now
Victor and vanquished bow
With sorrow-wrinkled brow
Above the grave.
The gray coat and the blue,
White man and colored too—
No more a slave.

Sadly, on bended knee,
Sob common thanks to thee
Who made a people free
And saved this land
When fiercest storms assailed,

And darkest thoughts prevailed,
And England showed a mailed
And threatening hand!

Majestic in thy grand
Simplicity, the land,
Sobbing from strand to strand,
Thy death deplore.
Part of our lives thou art,
Nor from the nation's heart
Shall love for thee depart
Forevermore.

Sublime in simple might,
Thy battle day and night
For country, God and right,
Shall poets chant
While time itself endures;
So much our love secures
And growing fame insures
Heroic Grant.



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